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MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF FIFE IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

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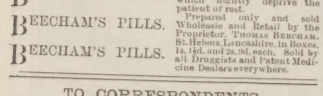
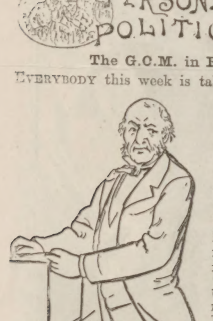


The G.O.M. in Form.

EVERYBODY this week is talking about the Grand Old Man's speech in the House of Commons on the Royal Grants. I do not agree that that was one of the greatest speeches that Mr. Gladstone has ever made; but it was certainly one of the most dexterous. During the last ten years I think I have heard most of Mr. Gladstone's great speeches. I listened to that marvellous piece of legal pleading over the Maamtrasna business. I heard his wonderful speech on the Penjdeh business, which was so ticklish a performance that I remember at the time hearing it compared to an "egg dance, by a performer who was so exquisitely skilful that you felt in no sort of apprehension for the eggs. A single false step, a single risky sentence, might have plunged us into war with Russia. But the old man did not trip once. Mr. Gladstone's Royal Grants speech was of the same character. Like it, it conciliated a hostile party. In both cases the Tories rose at the old man and cheered him to the echo. In both cases he absolutely carried that mysterious, shifting, uncertain, subtle entity called "the House" with him. In both cases Tories and Liberals vied in the after-talk in the lobbies in ecstatic admiration of the greatest Parliamentary figure of the age.



His Physique.

The remarkable feature about Mr. Gladstone's speech was the wonderful physical vigour of the orator. The voice came back like magic. Shut your eyes, and, as the clear flute-like tones fell regularly and sonorously (if I may use the word) on the ear, you would have thought you were listening to the Gladstone of 1870. Next evening there was one of those quick relapses to which the old man is subject, and which make his friends fearful for him. I saw him on the platform in the reading-room of the National Liberal Club. His voice was husky and weak, his great falcon eyes were dim with weariness, he leaned heavily on his stick. He spoke with beautiful emphasis, but it was the voice and the attitude of a very old man. He looked centuries old—a male Ayesha, with the wisdom of the ages written on his broad white brow. These are the times when Mrs. Gladstone has to look after him. It is wonderful to note how she tends him. She sent warning down to the National Liberal Club Reception Committee to say that her husband would like to have some tea when he came, and that she would prepare it with her own hands. Prepare it she did, one of the committee bringing down his own private tea-service for her use.

Randolph and the Prince.

The other remarkable speech of the debate was Lord Randolph's. As usual, it was a surprise. There was a whisper that the member for Paddington was going to take what, in the slang of the hour, is called "independent lines" on the Royal Grants. It turned out that Lord Randolph was speaking from a brief in favour of the Prince of Wales. Of course, there are some social secrets at the bottom of this little right-about-face. There was a time when Lord Randolph and the Prince were very far from being friends. In fact, to speak more accurately, they had been friends and quarrelled. I used at that time to hear a good deal of Lord Randolph's sayings and doings—it was about 1884—and as he usually does not mince matters in his private talk, and, though very good-natured, is extremely touchy, they were not all of a "reportable" character. But not long ago a complete reconciliation took place. Lord and Lady Randolph have renewed their visits to Marlborough House, and, like Mr. Gladstone, are popular there. The Prince always has a fancy for keeping in touch with progressive politicians, whether they belong to the Tory or the Liberal party: and in Lord Randolph's case there is an old friendship to back the political interest.

Royal Habits.

As chance would have it, I have been hearing a good deal lately of the habits of the Sandringham household, which has just lost a favourite in the eldest daughter, the most popular and interesting of the three. It is a very simple household in many ways. All kinds of pets are allowed in it. The Princess of Wales, for instance, has a tiny pony, no higher than a Newfoundland dog, which follows her about with lamb-like faithfulness, and insists sometimes on taking up its quarters in a corner of her bed-room. The first family meal at Sandringham is the breakfast. It is a heavyish meal, for both the Prince and Princess have good appetites. The Princess in particular is ordered to eat a good deal of meat, and she takes some every morning in bed. The Prince, like his mother, has also a good appetite; but his digestion is not quite so perfect as it was in his younger days. He is very fond of what Englishmen call "poking fun." He likes practical jokes, and he is given to banter.

A Catholic Socialist.

From Royalty to Socialism is a big step—but my business is social contrasts, and so away goes the scenery again for a new set. I wonder whether any of my readers have cast eyes on a remarkable article in the *Nineteenth Century*, called "Wanted, a Gospel for the Century." The author is Father Barry, who the other day startled the world with a remarkable novel—get it if you have not read it—called "The New Antigone," dealing with the marriage question in what, to my mind, is a far more suggestive and interesting fashion than Mrs. Mona Caird has done. Father Barry is a jolly, round-faced, simple-minded, hearty Irish priest, who lives in Dorchester, and is known for miles round for his good works and kindly nature. What he has to say on the social question is practically that the Church must take up the Sermon on the Mount and make it the basis of the politics of the future. In fact, it is Christian Socialism, the Socialism of Mediæval Catholicism, and of Kingsley and Maurice in our own Church, over again. Father Barry is a delightful man—an Irishman all over—and he is a thorough good fellow.

The Parson at the Ballet.

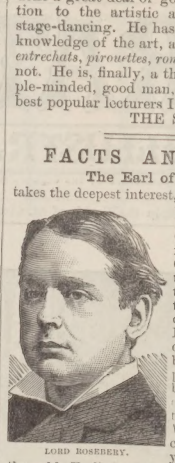
I see that the Rev. S. D. Headlam has rushed, as I expected he would, into the controversy raised by Mr. Winterbotham in the House of Commons on the morality of the ballet girls. Now, Mr. Headlam has a right to "take the flure," as the Irishmen say, on this question. He is the great preacher of the "moral ministry of the ballet." In his charming house in Upper Bedford-place you see Botticelli and Fra Angelicos alternating with photographs of famous dancers in famous ballets. Mr. Headlam has worked for the ballet, believed in it, wrote about and preached it for years. He is a regular "first-nighter" at the Alhambra and the Empire. He has written one book and no end of pamphlets about the ballet. He is an enthusiast of the purest type, and I must confess that he has done a great deal of good in drawing attention to the artistic and beautiful side of stage-dancing. He has, of course, a technical knowledge of the art, and will tell us all about *entrechats, pirouettes, ronds de jambe*, and what not. He is, finally, a thoroughly honest, simple-minded, good man, and he is one of the best popular lecturers I have ever heard.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

The Earl of Rosebery

takes the deepest interest, I am glad to hear, in the work of the great London County Council, of which he is the hard-working Chairman. I rejoice to learn this, as in the thorough mastery of the immeasurable needs of this vast city Lord Rosebery is likely to qualify himself the better for the exalted post he will in all probability one day be called upon to fill—that of the Prime Minister of this country. The air of youthfulness which the noble Earl's beardless face has long worn has latterly given way to a seriousness occasioned doubtless by his engrossing duties on the Council. That Lord Rosebery will do all in his power to make this World of London—a nation in itself—happier and brighter than the Metropolitan Board of Works left it was pretty plainly indicated on the day the Prince and Princess of Wales, on their side, were earnestly promoting the interests of the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women in the Marylebone-road. I allude to the opening by Lord Rosebery of pleasant new recreation grounds in which Londoners may find rest and relaxation in wholesome air—Clissold Park, in Stoke Newington; and the New Pleasure-Garden in Camden-street, formerly the burial-ground for St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. It was in this quiet Camden-Town graveyard that Charles Dibdin, author of the most popular sea-songs ever written, was buried; and it was fitting that, in opening these gardens to the public, the Countess of Rosebery should have unveiled a monument to Dibdin, inscribed with the following, among other, well-known verses of his:—



LORD ROSEBERY.

There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

It was but a just compliment Lord Rosebery paid to St. Pancras when he said that parish had been foremost (and he might have named Mr. Thomas Bentley Westacott as a pioneer) in the beneficial work of transforming disused churchyards into delightful gardens for the young and old. It is for every other London parish to follow in this respect the example of St. Pancras.

"The Daily Telegraph"

being far and away the most popular daily paper in the kingdom, of widespread interest should be any fact relating to its inner life. On Saturday last the annual dinner to the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, numbering over 400 persons, took place at Orkney Cottage, Taplow, the charming riverside seat of Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, M.P., presented to him by his father as a wedding gift. The chief proprietor of the *D. T.*, Mr. Edward Lawson, one of the cheeriest of journalistic chiefs, being detained in town on account of the Royal wedding, could not accompany the large party that went down by special train from Paddington. But Mr. Lawson joined his staff in time to make one of his usual capital speeches; and Mr. H. Lawson, M.P., Mr. E. Hulse, M.P., Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. W. Gilliland, and Mr. Martin were among those who delivered spirited addresses. Mr. J. M. Le Sage, the clever *D.T.* factotum, was prevented by illness from joining in the festivity. But Mr. Richard Lloyd, the veteran ex-manager of the great journal, was there; and so was Mr. Greigg, manager of the extensive Dartford Paper Mills, which are the property of the *D. T.* proprietary. The programme of sports, for which useful prizes were given by Mr. Lawson, was admirably carried out by Mr. Hare and Mr. Samuelson, and comprised pedestrian, sculling, and swimming races.

Mirabeau.

Here is the portrait of another "hero" of the French Revolution. By a kind of historical topsyturvydom I noted Robespierre last week, and have a word to say of Mirabeau this. With Robespierre the Revolution all but ended, with Mirabeau it may almost be said to have begun. Here he is, "King of men," as Carlyle calls him, with thick black locks—verily a black boar's head, as he himself says. Through his shaggy beetle brows and rough-hewn, seamed, small-pox-faced there look natural ugliness, gabriel de incontinence, bankruptcy. Yes, Gabriel de Mirabeau, Deputy of Aix, is no ideal hero.

MIRABEAU.

What Might Have Been.

And yet Mirabeau had an undoubted genius for politics. One forgets his innumerable love-experiences and the *lettres de cachet* by which they were checked by his irate father. One thinks only of the splendid eloquence and the real gifts of statesmanship. It was Mirabeau who in the French Assembly broke forth with voice of thunder, "I deem it sufficient for my vindication and my glory to name my accuser and to name myself." Had Mirabeau's advice been followed the King and Queen would not have lost their heads, and the Revolution would have taken quite other forms. "Leave Paris," he said, "produce a Liberal programme, and summon a Convention of the whole people. Appeal from your capital to the nation." But the weak King and the proud, self-willed Queen would not heed, and rushed to their doom. No one saw quite so clearly as Mirabeau that the old order had changed, and that feudalism was dead.

The Master of Trinity.

What a very clever man the baby son of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, should become! He ought to be another Bentley or Person. His father's scholarship is world-wide, and his mother—as Miss Ramsay—was Senior Classic in the Jubilee year. Both parents belong to families renowned for scholarship. Dr. Butler is one of the most interesting men in England, and most people have forgiven him for marrying a wife more than thirty years his junior. He was head-master of Harrow, as was his father before him. As a youth he was head of the Harrow eleven, and it may well be imagined what a hold he had over the boys in later life, when his name was associated with capacity for cricket and proficiency in classics. The boys, of course, cared most about the cricket—cricket is everything at Harrow, as they have no river—but no doubt the cricketing traditions of their head-master made his classics respectable in their eyes.

"Hear, Hear!"

Why do people so often put their applause in the wrong place? They do it at theatres and lectures, and most of all, perhaps, at great public functions. I observed it only the other day at one of the final performances of "Macbeth," at the Lyceum, and it was still more obvious at the National Liberal Club festivities in honour of Mr. Gladstone's golden wedding. Speaking of the genius of the artists who had illustrated the presentation album having given them political achievements a romance and a charm which they did not in themselves deserve, the right hon. gentleman was interrupted by a "Hear, hear!" It is scarcely comprehensible how people can be so stupid and so rude.

The Modern Mario.

It is generally admitted that M. Jean De Reszké is the only tenor of the present day to be compared with Mario. Perhaps Mario was the handsomer man, and his bearing on the stage was more aristocratic; but that was not always so, for I remember Mario in the old "Don Pasquale" days at Her Majesty's, when his singing was lovely in "Com' è gentil," but his acting awkward and amateurish. The question of M. Jean De Reszké's nationality is easily settled, for he was born in Warsaw, Jan. 14, 1852, and he is therefore in the prime of life, and will, there is every reason to believe, become a greater artist even than he is. He was taught by several masters—Cotogni is among others, and one of his teachers, as I have already mentioned, instructed him as a baritone. He appeared first as "De Reschi" at Venice, where he played the baritone part of Alfonso in "La Favorita" in January, 1874, being then twenty-two years of age; and, curiously enough, as showing how mistaken he was in his voice, he appeared in the same character at Drury-Lane in the same year. He sang at the Italian Opera, Paris, and also in Madrid, and in 1884 was the original St. John the Baptist in Massenet's "Hérodiade." In 1885 he appeared as the "Cid," in the same composer's opera. In 1887 he again sang at Drury-Lane as a tenor, and the historical his successes from that time are familiar to all opera-goers. The other night, in "Romeo et Juliette," he was so brilliant in singing and acting that I thought I had never seen anything better of its kind.

The Prize for Beauty

at the charming Garden Party of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Harris last Saturday was, by common consent, awarded to Lady De Grey, who has been one of the stanchest Society supporters of the Royal Italian Opera.

Miss Blanche Hewett,

who headed the classified list, honours division, in the recent Matriculation Examination at the London University, and thus ranked first of over a thousand candidates, is a young lady of simple, girlish manners, with an agreeable Devonshire accent, suggestive of Devonshire cream. There is nothing of the "blue-stocking" about her. She is "sweet and twenty." Miss Blanche Hewett was a student under Miss Gladstone at Newnham College, Cambridge, and honourably figured a few years ago in the Cambridge Wranglers' list. And yet, notwithstanding her undoubted erudition, this charmingly natural Minerva has deigned to talk in the most affable way to your faithful servant—

THE PROMPTER.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

We are sure our hosts of readers will be interested in the Illustrations we present of the marriage of her Royal Highness Princess Louise of Wales and the Earl (now Duke) of Fife at Buckingham Palace, on Saturday, the 27th of July. It was essentially a popular wedding: the vast throngs that assembled in the Mall of St. James's Park to view the Royal procession and cheer the Prince and Princess of Wales and their eldest daughter may be cited in proof of this. While thousands and thousands of loyal people gathered along the line of route, it was the privilege of but a few to witness the ceremony itself within Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty

rose early in the morning, and one of her first acts was to dispatch a messenger from Buckingham Palace to Marlborough House with a letter congratulating her granddaughter on her approaching marriage, and after breakfast the Queen paid a visit to the chapel, where the last touches were being put to the floral decorations, under the superintendence of Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane. Among the first of the Royal guests to arrive, at half-past eleven, were the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne (Princess Louise), who drove from Kensington Palace in a gilded coach, and were received with a Royal salute from the band and guard of honour of the Coldstream Guards drawn up in the great quadrangle of the Palace. Next came Count Gleichen and Prince Francis of Teck, who were followed by the Duke of Cambridge. In quick succession arrived other Royal guests, and twenty minutes before twelve a fire of cheering, running all the way along the Mall, announced that

The Princess of Wales

was on her way to the palace. Her Royal Highness's procession consisted of four sumptuously gilded carriages, each drawn by four dark bays, and, with the Field Officer's escort of the Life Guards, it presented a really imposing and picturesque spectacle. The Princess was accompanied by her brothers, the King of the Hellenes and the Crown Prince of Denmark, her sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and Princesses Victoria and Maud. Her Royal Highness wore a lovely dress of pearl-grey and silver brocade, and her headdress was a tiara of diamonds and sapphires. Previous to this

The Bridegroom,

with his best man, Mr. Horace Farquhar, had passed in unnoticed, by one of the private entrances, and was conducted to the new luncheon-room, there to await the summons to the chapel. It was close upon twelve o'clock when another round of cheering heralded the arrival of

The Bride and the Prince of Wales.

What many thought to be a happy omen, and what was certainly a pleasant circumstance, was a gleam of sunshine, the first and almost the only one during this part of the day, which shone out as the bride left Marlborough House, and glinted from the panels of the gorgeously gilded glass coach in which the Prince and Princess Louise of Wales drove. The escort of Life Guards kept some distance behind the carriage, and, as orders had been given to drive slowly, the immense crowd were gratified with a full view of the bride, looking very handsome in her white satin dress, with her magnificent diamond ornaments flashing in the sun. The Prince, who wore the uniform of a Field-Marshal, and the fair, blue-eyed Princess bowed repeatedly as the enormous crowd greeted them with lusty cheers, and all the way up the Mall the journey was a veritable triumphal progress.

The Wedding Ceremony

in the Chapel Royal of Buckingham Palace was one of those supremely well-managed functions which her Majesty's high Court officials arrange to perfection. The best idea of the scene is conveyed by our Illustration on the front page. There were present, besides the members of the Royal family, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Goschen, Mr. Henry Matthews, Earl and Countess Spencer, Earl and Countess Granville, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, and a few of the Nestors of Art and Literature, with other persons of distinction. One of the Queen's Indian servants appeared, arrayed in a robe of lightest azure, with a cross-band of gold brocade—his puggaree being of blameless white and gold. He stood close to the chair which was reserved for her Majesty, and remained there till the ceremony was at an end.

A "Nuptial March,"

composed by the organist, was pealed forth, as the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore came in, in slow procession. Preceded by the Vice-Chamberlain and the Lord Steward, bearing aloft their wands of office, came

The Queen,

leaning on the arm of her son-in-law the Grand Duke of Hesse: the Duchess of Buccleuch as Mistress of the Robes and the Duke of Portland as Master of the Horse, and a long train of other Court Lords and Dames, ladies and gentlemen, brought up the rear. Her Majesty took the chair placed for her before the altar rails, to the left of the altar, the Grand Duke of Hesse sitting on her left, other members of the Royal circle going to seats on the right and left of the altar space, while the Household-in-Waiting filled up most of the vacant space towards the entrance. Her Majesty was dressed in black, slightly relieved with light silver ornaments, a white veil descending from a miniature coronet of diamonds on her head. She was, in fact, the Queen as we know her on the Jubilee coinage, though her face bore an expression of loving concern, not to say agitation, which it was not the office of the medallist to anticipate. In other respects, her Majesty looked as well and as happy as the most loyal subject could desire. Shortly afterwards, in response to the summons of the Vice-Chamberlain, came

The Earl of Fife,

attended by his best man, Mr. Horace Farquhar. The faithful organ had heralded and accompanied the bridegroom's approach with the "Tannhauser" march. He was dressed in the dark and unassuming uniform of the Banff Volunteer Artillery, and the only relief was a dull green scarf. Everything was now ready for the central and crowning event. The daintiest of wedding melodies—the wedding march from "Lohengrin"—had been judiciously reserved for the bride. This was the order of

The Bride's Procession.

The Vice-Chamberlain. The Lord Steward.
The BRIDE.
Supported by Her Father, The PRINCE of WALES.
The Bridesmaids—

The Princess Maud of Wales.	The Princess Victoria of Wales.
The Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein.	The Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein.
The Countess Feodore Gleichen.	The Princess Victoria Mary of Teck.
The Countess Victoria Gleichen.	The Countess Helena Gleichen.

Followed by the attendants on his Royal Highness.

Princess Louise of Wales was dressed as a bride should be, in white, and through her veil could be seen sweet and timid looks. The bridesmaids were in pale pink of an exquisite simplicity. For each a necklet of pearls and a gold bracelet formed the sole and sufficient parure. The Prince of Wales, who supported his daughter, was, in a word, the Prince of Wales whom every Englishman knows and likes, and the only question on Saturday was, whether it was pleasanter to see him as a son escorting his mother, or as a father escorting the bride. He wore, as we have said, his uniform as Field-Marshal. At this time the mother divided with the daughter the regard of the assembly. As the Princess of Wales stood in her white robe it would have been possible to believe that she was the bride herself, though the motherly affection that beamed in her face would have been missed. The whole ceremony was performed by the Archbishop, the other ecclesiastics assisting only by their presence. Judgments appear to vary as to the relative firmness of voice with which the bride and bridegroom repeated the solemn vows prescribed by the Liturgy. It may, however, be said with some confidence that in certain portions of the chapel, while the words of the Princess were at least heard the voice of the Earl was wholly inaudible.

A Pleasing Incident.

And now the last words have been said, and the Earl and Princess rise as man and wife. The Queen, who had followed with the closest attention every word of the service, and had complied literally with every direction of the Rubric regarding posture, approaches her granddaughter, puts an arm lovingly round her, and kisses her first on one cheek, then on the other. This done, her Majesty stretches out her hand to the Earl, who, bending down, gives it a kiss at once courtierlike and dutiful. After the formalities of registration had been carried out in the Lower Drawing-Room, the Royal party proceeded to luncheon in the State Dining-Room.

The Wedding Breakfast.

The Queen sat at the centre of the table, having upon her right the bride and bridegroom, with the Prince of Wales next, and on her left hand the Grand Duke of Hesse. Only two toasts were given, those of "The Bride and Bridegroom" and "The Queen," these being announced by the Earl of Mount-Edgcumbe, who stood at her Majesty's right. For her Majesty's guests hospitable provision was made in the Supper-Room. It was shortly after half-past two o'clock when the bride and bridegroom left the palace after saying

Farewell to the Queen.

Her Majesty and the members of the Royal family other than the family of the Prince of Wales stepped out upon the balcony over the principal entrance (as sketched by our Artist on another page) to see the wedding party drive off. The Queen was heartily cheered by the great crowd assembled at this point. The National Anthem was played by the band of the Coldstream Guards, and every head was uncovered as the newly married couple drove out of the Palace gates, loudly cheered by the spectators at this point, as they were all along Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, and St. James's-street, and particularly on the arrival at Marlborough House. In the second carriage rode the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King of the Hellenes, and the Crown Prince of Denmark; in the third, Princes Albert Victor and George and Princesses Victoria and Maud. While Princess Louise retired to change her bridal for her travelling dress, the Prince and Princess of Wales held a reception, which was attended by several hundreds of guests.

The Newly Married Couple

were to have left Marlborough House at four o'clock, but the press to congratulate her Royal Highness and the bridegroom was so great that it was not till twenty-five minutes later that they were able to enter the open travelling-carriage, drawn by four superb black horses and ridden by outriders, which was to convey them to Sheen. Just before the half-hour the Princess of Wales came out of the house with her daughter, who wore a dress of cream-flowered satin and a bonnet trimmed with pink roses. There was a most affectionate leave-taking between the Princess and her daughter, and the carriage was then driven at a walking pace to the garden entrance, followed on foot by the Prince of Wales and his sons. The Princess remained standing on the steps kissing her hand to the bride, and her father and brothers bade her good-bye at the gate. All the guests had been supplied with paper-bags of rice, and the carriage was well pelted as it passed. In order to see the last of his daughter, the Prince of Wales mounted some steps standing against the wall of the garden, and waved his handkerchief as the carriage passed into the Park, the signal being taken up by the crowd, who cheered enthusiastically. The Duke and Duchess travelled to Sheen by way of Constitution-hill, Hyde Park, Kensington, Hammersmith, and Mortlake, and were cordially greeted at various points along the route. It was about half-past five when the newly married pair reached

East Sheen Lodge,

where they spend the first fortnight of their honeymoon. There was a very pretty ceremony on the arrival at the Lodge of the happy couple; the charming little niece of venerable Sir Richard Owen presenting the smiling Princess with a prayer-book. We unfeignedly hope the married life of the Duke and Duchess of Fife will be one of complete happiness.

YES, THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of England, and where you and all others should go who entertain the hope of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for his books, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps, and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

THE return of "the close season" gives the theatrical sportsman rest — comparative rest. While Mr. Toole, everybody's favourite, in congenial company, hies to Homburg to ease his gout and find relaxation, Mr. Irving and Mr. Willard, Mr. Tree and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, also seek recreation. Mr. Augustus Harris takes advantage of the ending of his brilliantly successful season of Royal Italian Opera to take stock of the two new plays he has on the anvil for the autumn season of Drury-Lane, and to judge which will be the likelier to suit the popular taste. Meantime, Madame Sarah Bernhardt is bringing her Lyceum engagement to a close; and the effect of the shutting of our leading playhouses has been to fill the Adelphi with audiences who have been well pleased with "The Shaughraun," as revived by Messrs. Gatti at their electric-lighted theatre.

I was sorely tempted by Mr. Charles Wyndham's injudicious altercation with "the man with the white hat" in the Criterion gallery on Saturday last to sign myself "THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT," and write a notice of "The Headless Man" from his point of view. But I will make allowances for the Imperial and Royal patronage Mr. Wyndham has had to undergo, and for the swollen head that seems to have resulted from the process. In truth, with a very slight alteration, I think the sparkling, witty, and humorous comedy of Mr. F. C. Burnand, entitled "The Headless Man," might be worked up into one of the drollest of plays the clever author of "Betsy" has ever devised. The development, I venture to suggest, would be the elaboration of the ingenious incident of General Bletchingly's groundless suspicion of his wife—an elaboration which could not fail to excite roars of laughter as enacted by unctuously humorous Mr. William Blakeley, the funniest of all the members of the Criterion company. With this episode made the centre of interest, the whimsical eccentricity and weakness of forgetful Sam Hedley, the solicitor, as glibly represented by Mr. Wyndham in a quick style of patter recalling the style of Charles Mathews, would fall into the proper place—a diverting embellishment of the central idea. As it was, the endless confusion Sam Hedley fell into owing to his bad memory and absurd system of mnemonics provoked abundant amusement. And more fun may be looked for when this lightest of light comedians loses himself more completely in his part. Rich in humour is the General Bletchingly of Mr. Blakeley; and there is a fine sense of character in Mr. George Giddens's white-haired old claimant to a peerage. On the other hand, that capable and handsome actor, Mr. H. Standing, had little to do as Fred Otway. Miss Fanny Moore was as winsome as Mrs. Torrington as Miss Mary Moore was in a private box. And the piece, on the whole, was exceedingly funny. The general verdict was decidedly in favour of "The Headless Man." Nothing could have been more surprising than that Mr. Wyndham should have imperilled its success by his ill-advised address to "the man in the white hat." Managers should remember that "the man in the white hat" and the "gods" generally are among the best and most steadfast friends the theatre has.

Exit the fire-drama, and enter English Opera, at the Princess's. If you wish to hear English Opera creditably produced, go to the Princess's, and delight in the dulcet strains of Mr. J. W. Turner, whose sweet tenor voice was heard to signal advantage in "Maritana," on Monday night. While an experienced opera-goer found pleasure in "Maritana," I was admiring the great talent of Miss Florence West at the Vaudeville (and so were two influential Managers) in the effective but dismal play of "In Danger." One of two sisters driven by poverty to act as decoys in a Monaco gambling hell, Miss Florence West acted with a power and vivid earnestness that won for her the enthusiastic and deserved applause of the audience. One of the joint authors of "In Danger," Mr. Lestocq, sustained the part of the aged uncle, in whose home the girls ultimately find shelter. Mr. Lestocq may be advised to add the necessary element of comedy to make his play a remunerative one.

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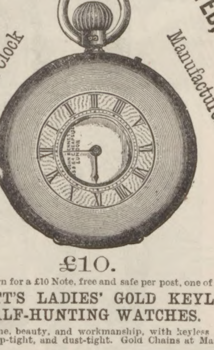

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THE ROYAL GRANT.

To the proposal for providing £36,000 per annum Mr. Labouchere objected altogether, and 116 Radicals followed him into the Lobby. Mr. Gladstone supported the Government in a speech of great eloquence, and out of loyalty to the G.O.M. the Irish members, with one exception, voted with Mr. Gladstone. Mr. John Morley moved another amendment, to the effect that the present demand for money should be final, and that there should be no further appeals to Parliament. This was defeated on Monday, July 29, by 134 votes against 355, Mr. Gladstone and the Irish members again voting with the Government.

TO STUDENTS.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend CADBURY'S COCOA; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

RAILWAY SERVANTS. — Signalmen. Engine - Drivers. Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

Author of "Monkey-Mephisto," and Joint Author of "A Dangerous Catspaw."

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Michael Margate—Michael had borne more than one alias in his time, but had left Dundonald unspotted for his sister's professional uses—was labouring under a sense of wrong. A man with a grievance is always dangerous, if only to the peace of the people on whom he inflicts his recital, and Michael had quite made up his mind, in his own graphic phrase, to "take it out of somebody."

At the bottom of most grievances there is a misapprehension. There was one in Michael's case.

Since Ralph's last visit Anastasia had been fairly prosperous. She need never have been otherwise but for her wifely obedience, which forbade her to run counter to even the least reasonable of her husband's orders. Ralph, having taken it into his head that for his wife to earn her living by the exercise of her one accomplishment in public-house bars was a degradation to himself—which was certainly true—had formally forbidden her that source of income. She had acquiesced until acquiescence had come to mean starvation, not merely for herself, which she could and would have borne, but for the child. For his sake she had broken her husband's command, and since the breach of discipline had not been reproved, she felt herself at liberty to take the only means she knew to earn a decent living, and rapidly became an established favourite in a certain run of the more reputable houses in her neighbourhood. In a week or two she was making a more than respectable income, and for a time Michael got his share of the family prosperity. If he had been content with only his share all would have been well with him, but Michael's ideas were expansive. A new suit of clothes, including a green velvet cutaway coat and a pair of cord trousers, beautiful with buttons from the knee to the instep, which had long inspired vain yearnings while displayed upon the faultless figure of a dummy before the emporium of a reach-me-down tailor in the Jamaica-road, served only to inflame him with even costlier desires when transferred, at his sister's expense, to Michael's own person. To disgrace this resplendent toggery by working in it would have been an act of sacrilege of which Michael felt himself to be incapable; a life of leisure, variegated by gin, billiards, betting, and such gentlemanlike distractions, was the only possible existence for one thus garmented. And here we approach the misapprehension on which Michael's grievance was based. By a train of logical reasoning, flawless to his own thinking, Michael arrived at the conclusion that it was the duty, and would be the joy, of any sister worthy of that sacred name to enable him to win those summits of untroubled calm where alone his clothes could find full justice. In a word, Michael struck work, finally. He made no formal proclamation of this resolve, but acted on it with a masterly consistency. He remembered, with contempt of his poverty of spirit, that he had once fallen so low beneath his ideal as to carry parcels and run messages for shillings; that even, for the beggarly remuneration of a fourpenny-bit, he had held horses outside public-houses, while their owners drank within. There were even darker pages in his history, from whose perusal he returned to his actual splendour with an added resolve never again to derogate from them. Michael was conscious of talents which a life of leisure would develop. There was money in prospect for a man so endowed. He had visions of a card, chastely printed in gold letters on a white ground—Mr. Michael Margate—or should it be Michael Margate, Esquire?—Sporting Tipster, to be circulated at racing resorts among the titled of the land. There were moments when his fancy soared to the taking of offices, when he saw himself a Leviathan of the Turf, owning racehorses of his own, on "pally" terms with lords and eminent lion comiques.

It had seemed for a time as if these radiant visions might find fulfilment. Anastasia was good-hearted and free-handed, and stood cautious plucking so well that Michael got more and more expansive in his ideas of sisterly duty, and thus helped to precipitate the evil time in store for him. The originally humble formula, "If you've got a bob or two to spare, Stasie," got changed into the easy and rather dictatorial "Just give us a half a skiv, will you?" Now, Stasie had her own dreams, and they were not at all of a kind to mix with Michael's. She looked ahead, and saw the child growing up, and her motherly heart glowed with the ambition of so rearing him that his father should have no cause to blush for him—unless he blushed to think how little he had contributed to the undertaking. Had that rival to Michael in her affections not existed she would have been quite content for that worthless vagabond to pillage her at his ease. She was of the nature which craves for something to work for and protect. She could find a pretty liberal corner in her heart for Michael still; but the child was paramount. And there was her other and bigger baby to be thought of, too. If ever he were in need of help he must not find her empty-handed. She had almost given up that dearest of all her dreams, in which her prodigal came back to her altogether; but such a hope is slow to die completely. To have a home to welcome him to, a fatted calf to kill for him if ever he should return: that, too, was part of the poor girl's ambition, and the work necessary for its fulfilment filled her life, and kept her from feeling her loneliness. When, in addition to her nightly tour round the bars, Stasie took to working with her needle all day long, Michael felt a thrill of pride in such a sister, and allowed that girls might have something in them, after all. Another misconception, Michael. It was not for you she worked.

Indeed, with her industry, Stasie seemed to be growing parsimonious. The half-sovereigns came less willingly from her pocket, and the remarks with which they were accompanied grew more and more unsisterly, to Michael's thinking. Homilies on the duty of labour and its advantages were not to be borne.

"You're spending a heap of money on that kid," he told her. "Ten bob for that fit-out as you give him last week! He was just as happy in the old 'uns. What's a child like that want with swell togs? Five bob for a coral, too! Why, if he was a young dook you couldn't do no more for him. Two bob for a doll! Why, it's wicked waste, that's what I call it—when a stick o' firewood and a rag'd do just as well. And a bed with curtains! If I don't want curtains, I should think as he might manage without 'em. Then you goes and buys a carpet, and them chairs, and stuff to cover 'em with, and flower-pots for the winder, and a blind! What do you want 'em for? What's the good of 'em? That's what I want to know. You chuck your money away—you chuck it!" Michael showed a mournful pride in this appropriate description of his sister's failings as a financier. "Money chucked!—that's what I call it."

Stasie was so deaf to Michael's eloquence as shortly afterwards to harrow his feelings by "chucking" more money, this time on the purchase of a small brass fender and a couple of little cheap china ornaments for the mantelpiece. Michael choked down his sentiments with difficulty, for that very day Stasie had met him for the first time with a point blank "No" in answer to a demand for money. She had refused his petition with such unwonted acerbity that he had supposed her to be either ill or out of temper for some cause of which he knew nothing, and forbore to trouble her, hoping that his delicacy might be rewarded by an unsolicited gift later on. But when, after two whole days had passed with no such motion on her part, he had come home to find the baby radiant in a pink sash and ribbons, and playing with a wooden horse, he really felt it his duty to remonstrate against this profligate extravagance. He spoke warmly, pointing out the baleful consequences which must ensue from this cockering up of the infant, this fostering of the weeds of vanity and haughtiness, which, of all the evil tendencies of our imperfect nature, require least nourishment. That is not quite the way Michael put it, but the idea which animated his discourse is all there. It had a great effect on Stasie, though hardly of the kind he had anticipated.

"The money's my own, and I shall spend it how I like. Where's the penny you ever brought into the house since you came out of jail? If you had the sperrit of a man you'd never ha' showed your face again, after bringing such a disgrace on a decent family. You broke your mother's heart with your goings on, with your drinking and wickedness, and now she's dead you come and sponge on me, and want me to take the clothes off my own child's back, and grudge the very food as goes into the poor darling's mouth! Haven't I got enough to bear already—to keep a roof over our heads, and keep us decent, with nobody to help me, and him as swore to love and cherish me"—— She had never in her life been so near to denouncing Ralph. She kept the words back by a strong effort; but let the diverted stream of wrath flow on to Michael with an added rage. "I've had enough of you. You show your face here again before you've found something to do and I'll give you the best hiding *you've* ever had since you was shortcoated."

She looked so perfectly able to do it, and obviously required so small an additional provocation to prove that capacity, that Michael decamped in silence. He thought it best to stay away for a day or two; but the little money in his possession spent, the pangs of hunger drove him back. Stasie received him in grim silence, but gave him his dinner; and he waxed conversational and—if it is not tautological to say it of Michael—mendacious, and recounted his hopes of finding work in a day or two. By judicious keeping out of his sister's way until her shortlived anger was passed, he managed to restore peace, and, after much reflection, determined on a new line of attack.

He knew nothing more regarding the circumstances of Stasie's marriage than any stranger might have known. She had remained dumb under his most artful pumping regarding her husband's status or means of livelihood. Ralph was a swell, but that was all he knew. That he left his wife to starve was no proof, to a man of Michael's knowledge of the world, that he was poor. He had always treated Michael with a calm and unformulated contempt, which the latter accepted as the fitting and natural thing, and had never dreamed of resenting. If he had crossed him once or twice that if he knew more of Ralph it might be fairly easy to blackmail him. With a candour rather curious to the outside observer he owned that in that gentleman's place he would not have been proud of such a brother-in-law as himself, and would gladly pension him to keep out of sight. One or two circumstances held him back from pursuing this programme. If Stasie heard of such a proceeding she certainly would resent it, and it was worth while being on good terms with her. Also, Ralph, while she had a cruel Michael would never wholly starve. Also, Ralph was tall and disquietingly able-bodied. And finally, Michael knew nothing of his haunts and very little of his habits, beyond the fact that he took some interest in racing. An assiduous attendant at race meetings, Michael had always kept a watch for him; but they had never met, so far.

Stasie's silent obduracy regarding the great money question turned Michael's thoughts again in this direction. He was much too shrewd to ask openly for Ralph's address, or could help sister any clue to his intentions if he could help it. He began his operations by condoling with her on her deserted state, and showed much sympathy practically by performing small brotherly offices for her, such as carrying baby home to her patrons and playing with the baby. Stasie was deaf to his hints regarding Ralph, and he strengthened them until scarcely a day passed without his delivering, with every appearance of the warmest indignation, a philippic against the peccant husband, who "dressed like a duke, and left his wife to starve, and turned up his nose at honest coves as worked for their daily bread."

"I'll thank you to leave my husband alone," said Stasie at last. "He's no affair of yours."

"Well," said Michael, "if you put it that way, he ain't. It don't matter to me, of course—not a bit; but a cove can't help his thoughts."

"Let a cove keep 'em to himself, then," said Stasie.

"That ain't always so blooming easy neither," returned Michael, with the air of one whose outraged sense of justice forces him to unwilling speech. "It's a rotten shame, that's what I call it, to see a gell like you a-breakin' her back with work, while he's goin' round toffed up, and as like as not mashin' some other woman." He had

He really felt it his duty to remonstrate against this profligate extravagance.

THE ROYAL WEDDING BREAKFAST: PROPOSING THE TOAST OF "THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM."

calculated on this last touch to produce some effect: but Stasie gave no sign of having remarked it. She knew Ralph a great deal too well not to take it for granted that wherever he might be there was a woman not far off, and accepted that moral certainty as part of her burden. "Look here now," continued Michael, playing his great card, "I've been thinking, Stasie. It's time as something was done. I'd ha' done something if I knew where to find him, afore now."

"I 'll lay you would," said Stasie, with a short laugh. "You'd ha' done *him*—for as much as he 'd let you."

"No, Stasie," said Michael, with an injured look. "No. You don't mean that, I know."

"Don't I?"

"No," said Michael, with the aspect and voice of one who magnanimously forgives an unworthiness on the part of his opponent in a purely impersonal discussion. "You don't mean that, Stasie. What I should do," he continued virtuously, "would be to go to him firm and respec'ful, and take a position. That's what I should do: I should take a position."

Stasie, whose opinion of her brother's courage was not lofty, hinted that he might find the position uncomfortable.

"I should say to him," continued Michael, "respec'ful, but not to be shook by his airs—'Here 's my sister, as you married, and swore to honour and cherish till death do you part, a-working her fingers to the bone while you 're a-swaggerin' round, backing 'orses and drinking champagne. Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' I shall say to him. 'You ought' "——

"Hold your noise," said Stasie, "and let me and Ralph alone! I know where he is, and that 's enough. When I want anything I can ask for it."

"Then why don't you ask?" demanded the exasperated Michael. "Why don't you"——

"Because I don't choose," Stasie cut him short. "I can get my own living, and I'm going to. It was all a mistake, from start to finish, and it's best to leave it as it is. If he was to come and live with me I shouldn't be any happier."

"I don't want him to come and live with you," said Michael—with perfect truth. "At least, not if you don't. But why don't you get some oof out of him? Haven't you got *no* sperrit?"

"I don't want his oof, as you call it. And, if it comes to that, I reckon he hasn't got too much for himself."

"I should like to know how he keeps the comp'ny he does, if he hasn't?"

"What do you know about his company?" asked Stasie.

"I know what I've seen. Why, it was only the day afore yes'day, as I was a-crossin' Hy' Park, as I see him arm-in-arm with Tom Bullfinch, as chummy as you please."

"And who 's he?"

"Tom Bullfinch? Why, he 's Sir John Bullfinch's son; and 'll be a Bart himself, one o' these days, and worth Lord knows how much. He don't walk arm-in-arm with wrong 'uns. Oof!" repeated Michael; "o' course he 's got oof. And he leaves you here—you, his very own married wife—and his kid, to starve."

"I know Ralph like a book," said Stasie. "If he 'd got money he 'd send me some. He ain't so bad as that, and he never was mean with money. It 'd be better for him if he was." She sighed, remembering the few weeks they had passed together, and how Ralph had lavished the last remnants of his little fortune on her. "We spent the last of it together. You 're seein' him with a Baronet—well, a Baronet's son, then—don't mean anything. Ralph 's a gentleman, and knows all the swells. Anyhow, I ain't going to trouble him. When the boy gets old enough to go to school, I might ask him to help me then. Ralph's son ought to be brought up well. I don't want anything off him. The fiddle 's kep' us well enough, and will do, as long as I 've got health and stren'th to play it: and I ain't going to plague a man as don't want me."

"Why, he 's your husband," said Michael.

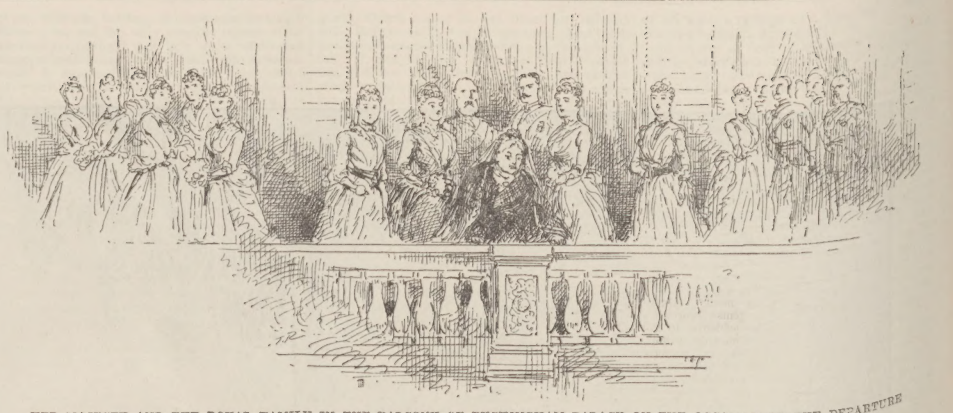
"So much the worse for both of us," returned Stasie, who found, womanlike, anything good enough wherewith to close a distasteful conversation.

"For all you can tell," suggested Michael, "he may be making up to another woman. He might marry somebody else for all you 'd know about it, buried alive in a crib like this."

"He can marry forty women, if he likes," said Stasie, "and I wish 'em joy of him when they 've got him."

This at least had the desired effect of closing Michael's mouth on that topic.

(To be continued.)



HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE BALCONY OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEPARTURE OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE marriage of Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Duke of Fife, K.T., was solemnised in the Private Chapel of Buckingham Palace at noon on Saturday, July 27, in the presence of the Queen and a brilliant assemblage of Royal and illustrious personages. The service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom were the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, and the Rev. T. T. Shore. Attendant upon the bride, who was given away by her father, were eight bridesmaids. After the ceremony the Queen and Royal family went to the Lower Drawing-Room, where the registration of the marriage was made and attested with the usual formalities. Luncheon was served in the State Drawing-Room.

After the ceremony and the luncheon the Royal party, including the bride and bridegroom, were photographed in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. As the newly wedded pair left the Palace, her Majesty the Queen came upon the balcony to bid a last adieu. Both in her progress from Marlborough House to the Palace and on her return from the Palace up Constitution Hill to her parents' home, the bride was enthusiastically cheered by the crowds who lined the route. The bridegroom also was warmly welcomed. Heart greetings were accorded to the Prince and Princess of Wales and others of the bridal party.

Between four and five in the afternoon the newly wedded pair left London in a carriage-and-four for Sheen, where the early days of the honeymoon are to be spent.

It was announced in a supplement of the *London Gazette* issued last Saturday that the Queen had directed letters patent to be passed granting the dignities of a Marquis and Duke to the Earl of Fife.

Accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Queen left Buckingham Palace, for Osborne, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

It is said that the Queen has been seized with a great desire to visit the United States and Canada. An element of support is given to the report by the corroborating circumstance that her Majesty's physician has expressed the opinion that a sea voyage would be beneficial to her Majesty's health. Apart from the truth or otherwise of the story, the correspondent adds, it is certain that the Queen has become passionately fond of movement and change of scenery.

The Emperor William arrived at Wilhelmshaven on July 27, from Norway, on board the Hohenzollern. As the Imperial yacht approached the roads, salutes were fired by the war-vessels in the harbour and by the shore batteries.

The *Freeman's Journal* hears from what ought to be a reliable source that the Government strongly urged the Prince of Wales to allow them to appoint Prince Albert Victor to the Viceroyalty, and this not only since the announcement of Lord Londonderry's resignation but more than once during the past year.

The County Council elections throughout France on Sunday last involved a crushing defeat for General Boulanger and his friends. Out of a total of 1439 elections, not more than a dozen have gone in favour of the General.

In the trial of thirty-three miners at Breslau on the charge of breaking the peace during the recent strikes in Silesia, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against all of the accused, with one exception. The prisoners are nearly all youths, only twelve of their number being above the age of twenty-one. The ringleader was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, nine of the accused to from eighteen months' to five years' hard labour, while the remaining twenty-two are to receive from twelve months' to four years' imprisonment.

A shocking trapeze accident happened at the Gaiety Concert Hall, Birmingham, on the evening of July 26. The Brothers Orlino, professional gymnasts, were performing without nets in the roof of the house, when one of them fell upon the stage and rolled to the footlights. He was severely injured, and was carried off the stage unconscious. We should really like to see many of the exhibitions of this type put a stop to. They demoralise performer and spectator alike.

The Lord Chief Justice of England, who is presiding at the assizes at Chelmsford, strongly objects to the practice of making prisoners stand during the continuance of their trial. He directed Major Lane to withdraw his order to a prisoner just to stand, and remarked that it was neither right nor just to compel such a proceeding. All prisoners tried before him would be allowed to sit, provided they so desired. Carlyle, who was so savage with our model prison system, would, were he still alive, see yet another evidence of the decadence of England.

Three hospital admissions and damage to the extent of £100 resulted on Friday week from the sting of a fly inflicted on a valuable horse belonging to the Colchester Gas Company. The irritated animal bolted along one of the main thoroughfares of Colchester, after cutting its knees in a fall while turning a corner, and overturned a market-cart containing two women and a boy.

A terrible carnage of cats has been organised at Corbeil, not far from Paris. Two persons living in the town were bitten by a local "tabby," which was declared rabid by a veterinary surgeon, whereupon the destruction of the town pussies *en masse* was decreed by the inhabitants. The mice will now have a good time.

At Northampton Police-Court on the 27th ult., Miss Frances Whitehead, daughter of the Rev. George Whitehead, Vicar of St. Andrew's Church, George sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for obtaining money under false pretences. She had been in the habit of visiting the residences of wealthy people and asking for subscriptions for charitable objects on behalf of clergymen of the town. She had no authority to do so, and appropriated the money to her own purposes.

A verdict of death from tight-lacing is, perhaps, still to be sought among the curiosities of law. But a Birmingham jury have come near it in a verdict of death from pressure round the waist. The victim was a poor servant-girl, who died after a fright, and the death was attributed by the medical witnesses to the fact that she was too tightly belted to enable her to stand the wear and tear of any sudden emotion. She was a notorious tight-lacer; her collar fitted so closely that it was impossible to loosen it at the critical moment; and under her stays she wore a belt so remorselessly buckled as to prevent the free circulation of the blood.

Alice Mackenzie, the eighth victim of the Whitechapel murderer, has been buried at Plaistow Cemetery. The body was conveyed to the grave in a hearse having glass panels, through which the coffin was seen draped with black coverings. The expenses of the interment were shared between the proprietor of a local public-house and the owner of the lodging-house in which the woman had lived.

Dr. Forbes Winslow, the well-known mad-doctor, has told an interviewer that he is prepared shortly to capture the Whitechapel murderer, whom he believes to be a religious maniac from the West-End.

The Primrose Leaguers, headed by Lady Salisbury, had a reception at the Crystal Palace on the evening of July 25. Crowds thronged to the ceremony and to the various entertainments with which it was accompanied. During the evening Mr. Arthur Balfour, M.P., made an important speech.

On July 26 Mr. Gladstone received an ovation at the National Liberal Club, where some fifteen hundred members and friends had assembled to do honour to him and to his wife on their Golden Wedding. The beautiful building was all aglow with lights and fragrant with flowers. Palms and plants were everywhere, and the scene was one of fairy-like loveliness. An album, decorated by the genius of Walter Crane and other artists, was presented to the aged couple, and Mr. Gladstone responded in a few well-chosen words to the enthusiastic homage of his admirers.

Mr. Gladstone received innumerable presents and letters of congratulation on the celebration of his golden wedding, including a message from the Queen and a letter and gold inkstand from the Prince of Wales.

When the Prince of Wales visited the Samaritan Free Hospital, the other day, a photographer made an effort to apply the camera to his Royal Highness's person. The Prince amused himself by purposely through sundry movements, to thwart the intentions of the enterprising gentleman. However, while a short prayer was being uttered the prayerless photographer had his way.

AFTER THE WEDDING: POPULAR GREETING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE ON CONSTITUTION HILL.

WORMS IN CHILDREN—Are easily, surely, and with perfect safety got rid of by using KEATING'S WORM TABLETS. Price 1s. 1½d. each.—[ADVT.]

THE RACING WORLD

So the Jockey Club

have quite made up their minds to rearrange their enterta inments better to suit the public, and, let us add, themselves at the same time. We know that in all probability the alterations would be made, because the stewards were in favour of them. But you never can tell whether a proposition, however commendable, is to be incorporated in the rules and regulations of the constitution which controls flat racing affairs until the calls of all requisite formalities are satisfied.

Against the Excision of Monday's Business

at Newmarket in the Second October and Houghton weeks no one not being a purveyor, to whom an extra day's racing means an extra day's chance of custom, will protest. On the other hand, all sorts and conditions of Turf-men will rejoice consumedly. Almost too numerous to mention are the items compressible in the miscellaneous lot of reliefs incidental to this one, and to the general public somewhat trifling, variation in the programme. What used to make Mondays on the Heath more than ever tiresome was that almost invariably the stewards set the first race unnaturally early on that particular day, when the majority of the mixed army had to accomplish considerable journeys to get to the town. On the Tuesday you would start an hour later than on the opening day, though, if there were to be a difference, the fact that pretty nearly everyone was settled in his place in the town on one, and had to get there on the other day, ought to have suggested quite a converse scheme. Perhaps the most serious inconvenience was caused in the settling.

The Albert and Victoria Clubs and Tattersall's

are the great centres for carrying out the operation of squaring accounts on a Monday. The aggregate represented in the turnover which passes through these clearing-houses is enormous, though when boiled down the actual balances are quite disproportionate. For instance, perhaps at Newmarket in a back-end meeting there will be forty races. One bookmaker alone will bet or be willing to take wagers against all the winners amounting to, say, £50,000. If the betting were what the professors call good—that is to say, with plenty of competitors, supported at prices which leave a margin of odds in the layer's favour—he might collect more than that sum from his very many winning wagers wherewith to pay his fewer losing bets. There you get £100,000 turn-over of £50,000 each side; but the balance, win or lose, would, when set forth in the account or weekly summary, make probably not a sixth.

Where Monday's Sport

told so inconveniently was that with Newmarket it divided settling into two halves. You had to send your account to London, and be prepared to square up at the Newmarket Rooms in the evening. Very likely the only people who settled with your agent at the metropolitan clubs were those who had to draw. Besides, it was not at all pleasant to have to carry enough money about you in Newmarket for settling purposes. The dangerous classes are so largely represented there on race-days, and it is almost a wonder that the boys do not organise a "sticking-up" raid on the rooms on an evening when so much "demunition" gold and silver or notes might be collared. Many a settler has, to my knowledge, made for his apartments in fear and trembling on a dirty October night.

We Shall Soon Get Used To

and like the Second Summer Meeting, which will be of three days. Each of the July fixtures will have one of the old races—the Chesterfield or the July—and it will be by no means difficult to get up a satisfactory programme for the new affair.

Shunting the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire from Tuesday to Thursday is a wise move in itself, but requires supplementing by the provision of something attractive to fill in the denuded Tuesdays. Perhaps the Club will consolidate some of its two-penny-halfpenny plates and make a good big one in the lump.

Mr. Houghton's Stud of Racers

left Liverpool on the cup day. That gentleman and a friend sailed on the last day of Goodwood for Buenos Ayres, to beard the South Americans in their lair or native heath, or whatever is the South American equivalent for that same. No doubt there is plenty of money to be made, if you can only get it. The worst of it is that it may take such a lot of betting, and the engineers of the shearing expedition return themselves shorn. Let us hope that the plucky venture may succeed. It certainly has a fair chance, in one way, for horses run in all forms out there, and anything that can keep sound on its legs may win big prizes.

Australian Horses.

By a noteworthy coincidence, the Hon. James White's Australia horses were due at Southampton on the very day that Mr. Houghton was due to leave it. Mr. White, the leading owner of Australia, is a very keen, clever hand at racing; familiar also with the working of the Turf in England. I met him several times as a blood-stock sales here, and, if I recollect right, was in his company at Cobham when the joint-stock stud was dispersed and old Blair Athol sold. Blair, then quite on the aged side, that day fully justified by his looks poor Jack of Fairfield's warm assertion that he was the handsomest horse in England. Handsomest in England is, perhaps, a strong order, but he was certainly a very handsome indeed, and carried himself, game old gentleman that he was, every inch of him, as though he quite coincided in the flattering estimate of his worshipper, long since dead and gone.

Blair Athol

was a Derby winner in probably the best Derby field ever started. I fancy that Narellan and Kirkham will find themselves in company considerably above recent average for the Derby of 1890. Of course we have had great horses winners of the race of late, but as a rule their excellence has been accentuated by general inferiority in the class of the opposition.

Mr. White has sent an equine schoolmaster for the youngsters, and one or two other racers are with them. If half of what we are told about Ringmaster be true, that he is only a fourth-rater at the Antipodes, the handicapper will pay expenses, whatever may be the fate of the two-year-olds meant to meet Hesume, Semolina, Surefoot, Signorina, Loup, and the big brigade of, at present, dark ones.

I am amused at the tone adopted by the two sides in the argument on English and Australian starts. On the one hand, Australians in England declare that nothing so bad as our English starts could possibly occur in the Colonies. A st ong assertion this, but not rougher than the testimony of the opposition. Sportsmen who have watched the starting operations at Randwich, Sydney, Flemington, Melbourne, &c., come forward prepared to make oath and declare that for downright disgraceful raggedness the Australian starts stand out pre-eminent.

Your Humble Servant

is, in this connection, in the experienced position of the invalid who assured his soon-to-become heir-in-possession that honesty was the best policy, and adduced the convincing argument that he had tried 'em both. I can speak of my own observation concerning starting at the Australian courses as well as on English, and find them much the same. These are good, bad, and indifferent, according to the skill, determination, and patience of the official and the docility or otherwise of the horses and the assistance or resistance to his orders by the jockeys. As a rule, the better-tempered the starter the more trouble will the riders give him. Also, as a rule, no matter how mild-mannered a man a starter may have been when he first started starting—I trust I am sufficiently lucid in thus putting it—he never finished his professional career erring on the side of too great suavity.

The Best Starter

I ever knew was Admiral Rous, who only undertook the business when repeated failures by the professional officer had cut a lot of time to waste. Then would the doughty Admiral requisition Martin Starling's cob, and, with wrath and determination expressing themselves in every outline of his manly form, jog down to the post to take in hand the flag, the field, and the job, and let the rascals know what was what and who was which.

Goodwood,

whether called glorious or not, is open to be rendered extremely inglorious by rough wet weather. One of its chief charms—viz., seclusion in real country—disappears in face of such seclusion, involving a dreary dripping drive of five miles from and to a railway-station, the second ride as preliminary for a more or less formidable railway journey. The beauty of the beech-trees is of less account than their failure to form shelter from rain. Freedom of outlook appears a decided disadvantage as the watery wind sweeps unchecked over Charlton Forest or up from the sea-level. Almost every point in the establishment's favour scored in pleasant days tells against the unfortunate visitor if the Clerk of the Weather is inimical to the Clerk of the Course, but when the two officials do agree to please their unanimity is wonderfully grateful to the assembled company.

The Cup is all very well in its way, so is the Stakes, and, as we all know, the toilette show is supposed to culminate for the former occasion; but the day of days, when bright weather is really most needed to give appropriate setting to a moving picture all prettiness if the sun shines, is Tuesday. Two of the most charming spectacles in the racing man's calendar are the Ascot Hunt Cup and the Stewards' Cup. We have big fields, and generally, in the later event, the distance is not long enough to allow of mud-scattering among competitors. So from start to finish there is a kaleidoscopic presentment of silks and satins.

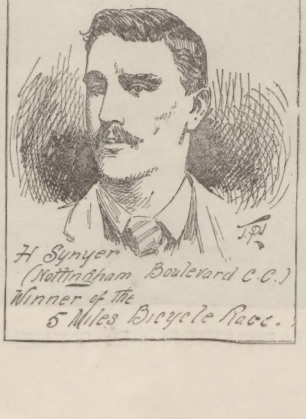
Glorious Goodwood it was, indeed, on Tuesday, the weather, attendance, condition of course, and racing. The opening was all that could be desired: not only was the Stewards' Cup a beautiful sight, but it showed us a rarely good three-year-old running splendidly under a welter weight. The way that Amphion, giving three years and fifteen pounds to Dog Rose, held that smart sprinter for the last quarter of a mile, was quite the performance of the meeting. With the lightly treated six-year-old out of the way, General Byrnes's colt would have achieved a very handsome victory indeed. As usual, a lot of the horses tried, sure to win at home, disappointed terribly. Dunbydale cannot be all so good as supposed: as for Martley, he is a rank impostor.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

Cricket.

THE great extent to which Notts have owed their unchequered run of success this season to the splendid batting of Barnes and Gunn was clearly shown in the match v. Yorkshire. In the first innings Gunn made 87, but only 26 in the second, while Barnes contributed a meagre gross total of 18. As a consequence, Notts experienced one of the closest finishes they have had this year, winning by 36 runs.

The hope of the South is that these two great batsmen—or, at least, one of them—may fall early in each innings before the wiles of Lohmann, Beaumont, Bowley, or Sharpe, when they meet at Kennington Oval in their return match, commencing on Monday next. Such a catastrophe for Notts would be quite in keeping with precedent. Last year, for instance, in the first innings of Notts, Gunn was



bowled by Beaumont for 21, and Barnes by Lohmann for 7. In the second innings both Gunn and Barnes were dismissed for the ignominious "duck's egg," Lohmann bowling the former, while Barnes was taken at the wicket off Beaumont. In the great

Bank-holiday match of 1887 Gunn made only 4 and 2, Barnes's scores being 47 and 17. History might repeat itself.

The antagonism of Notts and Surrey has always been of the keenest—that is to say, each county regards the other as a foeman worthy of its steel—and their followers keep the flame of rivalry well fanned. In 1887 the position of champion county virtually depended upon the issue of the match; and the great excitement engender-d, together with the Bank holiday and the absence of any Australian attraction to divert the interest, the attendance was a record one, 24,450 persons paying for admission on the Monday, and 51,607 passing the turnstiles in the three days, irrespective of members. Last year Surrey had not been beaten, while Notts had already experienced five defeats, so there was not so much interest; but still the prospect of fine cricket drew 13,638 people on the first day and 9742 on the second. This year it is Notts who are unbeaten.

I have seen the disparaging remark made in print that Surrey "cave in" when they go in against a big score—that they can play a winning game and not a losing one. This is not borne out by the matches above alluded to. In 1887 they went in against a first innings by Notts of 248, and made but 212; and yet they won by four wickets, having 205 to get in the second innings. Everybody who saw that match will remember the splendid pluck of Lohmann, which

won it. Last year, again, they were behind on the first innings, and had to prevent their opponents making 132 in the second, but they won. People are pointing out that Shrewsbury is back from Australia; but he was in the team in 1887, when Surrey won both matches, as they did in 1888. The Nottingham "lambs" (lambs that are not often led to slaughter, I expect) are sure to be present in great force, and Surrey are certain to make a big effort to assert their old supremacy; so, whatever the issue, we shall see the biggest match of the year.

Cycling Championships.

Seeing what farces they were, it seems scarcely worth while to refer to the second batch of cycling "championships" run off at Paddington on Saturday last, and I do so only in order to raise my feeble voice against the perpetuation of such degradation of the title of champion. Whether the distance be one mile or fifty miles, the real point at issue is who can sprint the last four or five hundred the fastest. A twenty-five-miles race differs from a one-mile race only inasmuch as in one twenty-four miles and three-quarters and in the other three-quarters of a mile are dawdled. The questions which men can ride a mile and twenty-five miles the fastest are not settled at all. Over and over again it has been advanced that the only championships necessary are a quarter-mile bicycle and a quarter-mile tricycle. Whether they are called quarter-mile races or by other titles, the result is the same: the real races are all for about that distance. What the N.C.U. can be about annually to spend a quantity of time, energy, and money on such ridiculous exhibitions passes my comprehension. Let them rather give prizes for records, according to those who make the fastest times under whatever conditions they deem proper the titles of champions.—BANSHEE.

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With Two Sets of Broad Reeds, Organ and Celestial Tone, sent carefully packed and carriage paid to any address in Great Britain and Ireland on receipt of P.O.O. for 6s. 6d. Worth Double.

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Iowa has just produced probably the youngest murderer who has ever figured in criminal annals. On July 25 a Mr. Elkins and his wife were found dead in bed at their house in the small town of Elk, Iowa. They had evidently been murdered. Suspicion fell upon Wesley Elkins, a lad aged only eleven years, the son of the murdered man by his first wife. It seemed incredible, however, that the boy could have committed a deed so dreadful, and many people refused to believe that he was the murderer. He has just confessed that he killed both the victims by shooting them with a rifle as they lay in bed.

A Resolution against Sunday travelling has been moved at a meeting of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, but found only five supporters. Mr. Laing, the chairman, announced that the proxy voting showed a majority of 28,922 in favour of Sunday trains, and he further stated that there was no appreciable number of men employed, and that those who were engaged in Sunday labour could have six Sundays free out of seven.

KEATING'S POWDER.—Kills Bugs, Fleas, Moths, Beetles, and all Insects (perfectly unrivalled). Harmless, to everything but Insects. Sold in Tins, 6d. and 1s.—[ADVT.]

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THE BRITISH FLEETS IN THE SOLENT.

The finest sight the Emperor William of Germany will see during his brief visit to England will, beyond question, be the magnificent array of British War-Ships anchored between Portsmouth and our Queen's island home. We own we should like to see the Emperor William welcomed on his first visit as Kaiser to England with as much show and ceremony as have (probably needlessly) been thrown away upon the Shah of Persia—and with the hearty cordiality the young Ruler of the greatest military Power on the Continent assuredly merits, particularly as his Imperial Majesty is so closely related to our own Royal Family. But the Emperor William's stay is to be a fleeting one. He arrives on the Friday of the present week, and departs for Germany very soon after he has witnessed the Aldershot Manœuvres on Wednesday next.

In the Grand Naval Review, especially organised in his honour, the Emperor William will, however, be pretty certain to find ample recompense for the absence of any of the State ceremonials which he is certainly entitled to expect at the hands of his Royal relatives. The Government could not possibly have presented the Emperor with a stronger proof of Great Britain's naval pre-eminence than the superb display of Men-of-War to be viewed by his Imperial Majesty on Saturday, the 3rd of August. Possessed of a lively imagination and inheriting Imperial instincts, the Emperor William, as he progresses on board the Royal yacht through the avenues of colossal Ironclads, will not fail to grasp the meaning of this noble exemplification of Britain's naval strength. The Plan we print on the next page, and the Engraving we publish of the spectacle in store for the Emperor William, will afford the public some notion of the extensive nature of this Imperial Naval Review.

THE SPLENDID FLEET IN THE SOLENT

is divided into seven squadrons. The largest of these, called the A squadron, represents

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL SQUADRON,

and forms the central line at Spithead. It is commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., whose flag flies in the Hercules, with Rear-Admiral Tracey, with the Rodney as flag-ship, for second in command. It is composed of sixteen armoured vessels of various descriptions, ancient and modern, fast and slow, from the modern barbette ships Rodney and Collingwood to the ancient Black Prince, and of armoured cruisers from the four new 19-knot ships Aurora, Narcissus, Galatea, and Undaunted to the slow Shannon.

BRITISH BATTLE-SHIPS IN THE SOLENT AS THE EMPEROR WILLIAM WILL VIEW THEM.

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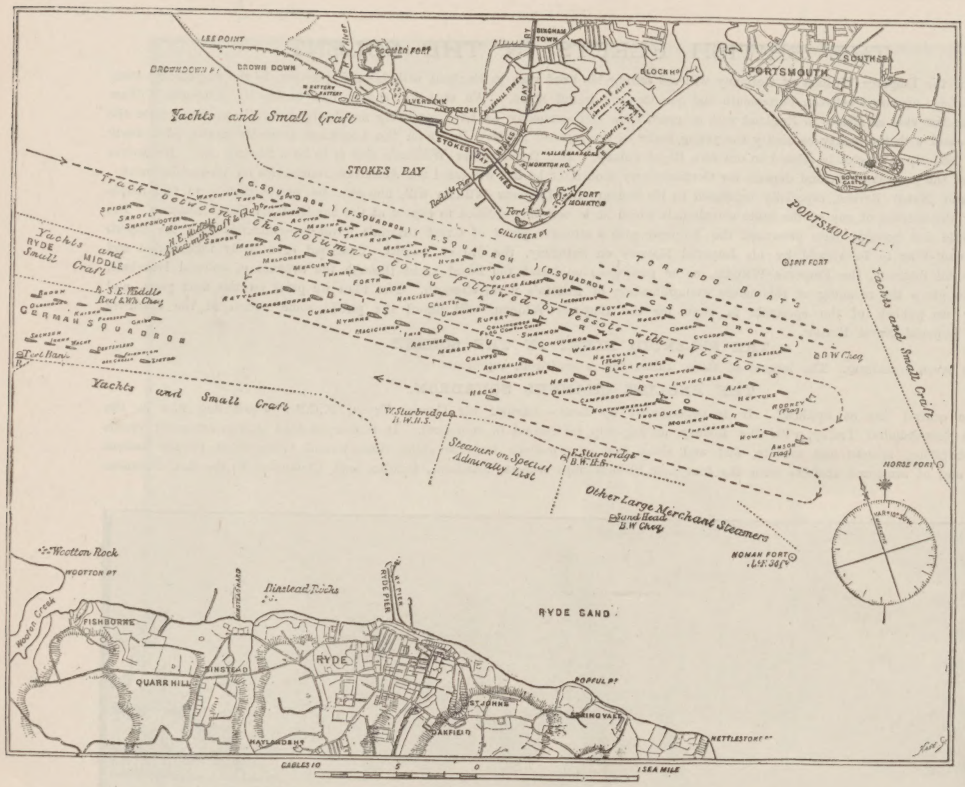


PLAN OF THE ROYAL NAVAL REVIEW IN HONOUR OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

which went 12.35 on the measured mile in 1877. Then the A squadron has five protected cruisers of 18 and 19 knots speed, of which the three 19-knot ships Medea, Marathon, and Melpomene, being only 265 ft. in length, can only be expected to do about 16 knots at sea. The remaining ships of the A squadron are three unprotected cruisers, one of which is the Mercury, launched in 1878, which is still one of our fastest sea-going cruisers, and three torpedo gun-boats, making a total of twenty-seven vessels, without counting torpedo-boats.

The B Squadron,

which is to represent the enemy, lies nearest to the Isle of Wight. It is commanded by Vice-Admiral Baird, whose flag flies in H.M.S. Northumberland, with Rear-Admiral D'Arcy-Irvine, C.B., with H.M.S. Anson for flag-ship, as second in command. It consists of eleven armoured ships, two protected, three partially protected, one unprotected, one gun-vessel, two torpedo gun-boats, and the torpedo dépôt ship Hecla, making a total of twenty-one vessels. The C, D, E, F, and G squadrons are for coast defence, thus taking a step in advance of last year's manœuvres, when coast defence was neglected.

C Squadron

consists of two second-class battle-ships, three coast-defence ships, a special-service ship, and a first-class gun-boat. D squadron has a second- and third-class cruiser and a coast-defence vessel; E squadron, a second-class cruiser, two coast-defence ships, and three gun-boats; F squadron, two third-class cruisers and two gun-boats; G squadron consists of two second-class cruisers, one the Active, unprotected, flying the broad pennant of Commodore Markham, Aide-de-Camp, the other the new protected 19-knot cruiser Medusa. A first-class gun-boat and three gunboats complete the G squadron.

The Torpedo Boats

are divided among the several squadrons, their use being more for defence than for attack. They were allowed to remain in the locks at the north end of Portsmouth Harbour until a day or two before the arrival of the German Emperor.

Prince George of Wales

is in command of No. 79 torpedo-boat. She is what is called an improved Yarrow boat, but Messrs. Yarrow have produced boats since her date which are again improvements on No. 79. Her length is 128 ft., and beam 13 ft. The previous Yarrows would not steer when going astern—a most serious defect in torpedo-boats, as after firing their stem-shoot their safest means of escape is to go astern, which with the old Yarrows means making an angle of about 40 deg. to port No. 79 steers well and steams well, she is lower in the water than the Thorneycroft and White boats, and goes through it like a snake. Her accommodation for officers is not so good as that on the White and Thorneycroft boats. No. 81 being the largest boat naturally has the best accommodation. She falls to the lot of the senior Lieutenant in the torpedo squadron, and Prince George is one of the juniors, being barely four years a Lieutenant.

In the Thorneycroft Boats

the round hatch by which you descend, by means of a nearly perpendicular ladder, to the officers' quarters, leads you into a kind of store-room, from which a door leads you into the officers' cabin; but in No. 79 the cabin and store-room have separate hatches: consequently, as the hatch opens directly into the cabin, water frequently finds its way in at sea. In this little cabin, about 12 ft. by 10 ft., or rather less, Prince George and his sub-lieutenant and gunner have to take their meals and sleep. Not first-rate quarters for a member of the Royal family, but sailors are brought up to make the best of things.

Prince George

is very energetic in getting his boat in the most perfect order, and may generally be seen on board, in white flannel trousers, blue cloth tunic, and cap, busily engaged. As service on board a torpedo-boat is dirty work, the officers and men on board are allowed considerable license in the matter of uniform. By the time Prince George has had three weeks' sea service on board No. 79, he will, no doubt, have had quite enough of her, but if all goes well during the manœuvres he will probably receive promotion to a Commander's rank at their close. He is quite unaffected, and very popular.

Admiral Sir Edmund Commerell, V.C., G.C.B.,

Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, transfers his flag from H.M.S. Duke of Wellington to H.M.S. Howe during the review time, as he is in supreme command while the ships are at Portsmouth. The Howe has a central position in the centre line. Admiral Commerell's flag will be transferred back to the Duke of Wellington when the ships leave on Aug. 5. On Aug. 12 mock war is to be declared, and the sham sea war is to cease on Aug. 24.

Dr. Liddon will be the Canon in Residence at St. Paul's Cathedral during August, and he will, consequently, occupy the pulpit on the Sunday afternoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone terminated their visit to the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, at Highcliffe, Christchurch, Hants, on Monday, and took the express train to London. During the twenty minutes the ex-Premier and Mrs. Gladstone had to wait on the platform several posies were presented to Mrs. Gladstone, and one lady gave Mr. Gladstone a bouquet of sweet-williams and fern. The ex-Premier also received a quantity of honey from a local cottager, which had been taken from his Hinton apiary. Mrs. Maberly, wife of General Maberly, tendered the best wishes of the Christchurch Women's Liberal Association, of which she is president.

A Fair, Beautiful Skin.—Sulpholine Soap gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

A Lady, writing on dressmaking, says: "I can now make my own and children's dresses," thanks to the dressmaking lessons in Mrs. Leach's Home Dressmaking Series, which contains lessons, with diagrams and every detail, from first step to a finished costume, price 2d. Also Mrs. Leach's Family Dressmaker, for August, with lessons and 50 illustrations of August Fashions, price 2d.; and Mrs. Leach's Children's Dressmaker, which contains Children's Fashions, with cut-out pattern, price 1d. May be had of all Newsagents, or the three books for six stamps. Mrs. Leach, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.—[Advt.]

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

The following story is told about the Rev. Henry White, of the Savoy Chapel: "One night, many years ago, when Mr. White was a curate living at the East-End of London, he was rung up in the dead of the night and urgently implored by a woman at the door to come and see her husband, who, she said, was dying. Mr. White hastily dressed, not forgetting to fasten his watch in his waistcoat pocket, and went out into the dark streets. The woman led him by many tortuous passages till they came to the door of a squalid house in a court. Mr. White, going about his Father's business, had no fear or hesitation. Following the woman's lead he entered, went upstairs, and found lying on a wretched bed in a corner of the room a man of about forty years of age, already within touch of the hand of Death. Glancing round the room, the young curate was surprised to observe some articles that were a little out of place with such surroundings. There stood on the table a silver dish of considerable value; clothes of good style were heaped about the room; and there were one or two small pictures, which it seemed a strange thing the man and his companion should buy. But this was no business of Mr. White's. He bent over the bed, talked to the man, and offered to pray with him. As he spoke he observed a sudden gleam in the man's eyes, and noted that they were fixed on his watch-chain. He went on talking of things past and things to come, and then, as the woman stood sobbing her heart out, the young curate prayed. When he finished, he found the man was dead, and, rising from his knees, discovered that the fingers of the corpse were clasped in his watch-chain. The man was a noted burglar and a life-long thief, and even as he was dying the sight of a gold watch-chain in the possession of a preoccupied man was too much for him, and, as Mr. White prayed to God to forgive him his sins, the dying thief tried to pick his pocket."

So many Deer have died in Bushey Park during the last two years that no fawns are to be killed this season.

Naiads of Portsmouth.—Over a course of eighty-eight yards the lady members of the Portsmouth Swimming Club held their Championship Race on Saturday last at Southsea. The holder of the honour, Miss E. L. P. Aylen, went away with a good lead, and eventually won by ten yards from Miss E. B. Lloyd, while Miss F. E. Glasspole was third, a yard behind. The official time was 1 min. 17 4-5 sec.—a fair performance, considering the fresh breeze.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM ON BOARD THE IMPERIAL YACHT.

CYCLE & CAMERA

...ore than enough cycling announce... Bank Holiday. There will be races ...eston-super-Mare, Salisbury, Worcester, ...n, Coventry, Paignton, and a half-dozen or ...ther places, but interest will unquestion... about the two camps at Harrogate ...alming.

...eek has begun, and though I know ...mas, of Cheapside, will be on duty in the ..., and more than one other photographer in ... and that plenty of good photographs ... the result. I am giving in this week's ... taken last summer by Mr. Thomas, ... it is so very appropriate to the week, ... little reminder to those who have stayed ...e of what a very pleasant picture camp...ke.

... Mr. Scarlett Thompson who started the ... Counties' Camp, and this year he has ...e all the way over from America for the week under canvas. He is President of the camp in which he takes such a practical interest.

... the President of the Harrogate Camp, ...ybody in the cycling world has been talking about the libel action he brought against Mr. Shipton, secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club. Dr. Clarke last April was elected President of the Camp, and at the same time it was proposed to appoint Mr. Shipton Vice-President. But the latter declined to serve in that capacity with the gentleman nominated, and in the *Gazette* of the club ... to express to his readers his ... that "unless we are misinformed the

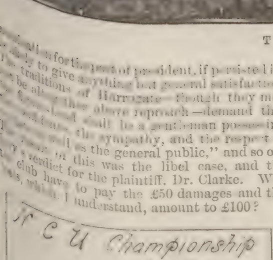
I do not know when anything has made so much excitement as the late N.C.U. championship meetings. The cycling papers had a good deal to say beforehand about what a fine thing it was that these N.C.U. championships should be international. But I think less would have been said if anyone had dreamed that one of them would be carried off by a foreigner. The victory of Lehr, the German, in the one-mile bicycle at the first meeting is explained away by the fact that Osmond and Synyer were too much taken up with each other to give him a thought. Hereafter they, and the other English crack riders, will not hold foreign competitors in such contempt.

The moral of it all is twofold. In the first place, it is an argument against the loafing on the race-track, or headwork, as it is called, which prevails now-a-days, and which, I don't doubt, has much to do with the poor attendance at these meetings, of which some of the N.C.U. committee men are complaining. People who go to races want to see racing, and not superior crawling tactics.

In the second place, it shows—what few makers are ready to believe—that it is really the man, and not the machine, who is the true winner of a race. Lehr was mounted on a bicycle to which no English rider would have given a second glance. It was a cheap-looking machine, made in the Fatherland. It had 4⅝-in. cranks, and he sat away back on it, and certainly by the side of riders on some of the best English machines did not show to much advantage. It would be interesting to see what he would do on one of the best English racing bicycles. If he made very much better time, then its maker might have reason to advertise its superior qualities.

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES' CYCLE CAMP.

...appellation for the post of president, if persisted in, ... to give anything but general satisfaction. The traditions of Harrogate—though they may be altogether above reproach—demand that ... shall be a gentleman possessing ... the sympathy, and the respect of ... as well as the general public," and so on. ... of this was the libel case, and the ...'s verdict for the plaintiff, Dr. Clarke. Will ... club have to pay the £50 damages and the ...s, which, I understand, amount to £100?



Though Lehr won the race, the time, as was pointed out in last Saturday's paper, was very slow. His strength lies less in his speed than in his staying powers.

It was a pity that both days the weather was so bad, for these championships are the principal racing events of the year. Last week the heavy downpour about half-past one frightened away a good many, and those who rode in the twenty-five-miles championship were awful-looking objects—a mass of mud in front from top to toe. The fifty-miles championship comes off on Aug. 24.

There is a paragraph in last week's *Bicycling News* which would seem specially in place in a "Cycle and Camera" column. It is about a photograph of Hawarden Castle taken by one of the American tourists during the course of their ride through England. It was taken by a detective camera, but the absurd part of it is that, while it shows the Castle in the distance, "in the foreground are the rear views of Messrs. Eastabrook, Higgins, A. J. Wilson, and others, in the act of levelling their Kodak cameras at the scene, all unconscious of the circumstance that they themselves were being shot from behind." This shows, at least, from the number armed with cameras, that the Americans believed in the conjunction of cycle and camera. N.C.U.

The King of the Hellenes and his brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, left Marlborough House, upon the conclusion of their visit to the Prince of Wales, last Monday evening, on their way to the Continent. They travelled by special train from Victoria to Dover, and thence by special boat to Calais, where they took supper before continuing their journey to Copenhagen.

Would you have your baby
Healthy, bright, and good?
Nurse it well and feed it
On Dr. Ridge's Food.—[Advt.]

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

Have you realised that the great picture exhibition season is at an end? The Royal Academy closes next Monday, the 5th; the New and Grosvenor Galleries on the following day. You have but little time for a last visit.

SKETCH OF THE ACADEMY PICTURE OF "THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER," BY MR. MARCUS STONE, R.A.

I paid mine yesterday. I think I was principally struck with the crowds at the Academy. For almost three months the exhibition has been opened, and yet the galleries are still so crowded that it is not easy to see the more popular pictures, or even to get from one room to another.

MR. SCARLETT THOMPSON, ORIGINATOR OF THE SOUTHERN CYCLE CAMP.

As for the pictures, a last visit only confirms the impressions of the first. Those which stand out are the very same which attracted one in the beginning—Swan's "Prodigal Son," the Fishers' "Festa" and "Card-Players," Simmons's "Carpenter's Son," Stanhope Forbes's "Health of the Bride," Adrian Stokes's "Harbour Bar," Alfred Parsons's "Valley of the Thames." But of these I have already spoken; of several, drawings have been published in this column. The Illustration this week is a drawing after Marcus Stone's "First Love-Letter," his only contribution to the Academy. It is pretty, as are many of his pictures. He loves to paint the women in their graceful costumes, the chairs and tables and all the characteristic belongings of that charming period which Abbey is never tired of drawing.

But I think one naturally turns with most interest to have another and longer look at Henry Moore's pictures, now that he is one of the two English painters to receive highest honours at the Paris Exhibition. You might say that he is the only English painter since Mr. Tadema, Royal Academician as he is, was born and studied on the Continent. Of his three canvases at the Academy I like best his "Shine and Shower," with the shower still falling in the distance, and the sunshine making a widening path of light across the blue sea, great clouds massed above. There is an entirely different effect of sun and storm in No. 50, which he calls "As when the Sun doth light a Storm." Here the sea is rough, and the waves break white near the shore, where a few dark boats are drawn up on the beach. In the third, the moonlight falls softly on the blue water, one single sail in the middle distance. Go and study them again while you still have the chance; but if you expect to be in Paris this summer you will see still better work by Mr. Moore in the pictures which won for him the medal of honour.

A picture, which I must confess I had at other times passed by, yesterday attracted my attention, because of the noise it has lately been making in the papers. This was Frith's "New Frock," to which he apparently seeks to give an importance it scarcely deserves by a Latin quotation. It is the picture of a little girl, which has been bought by a soap manufacturer and used as an advertisement, without Mr. Frith's permission and much to his wrath. The list of artists who have painted or drawn pictures to be used as advertisements shows how many there are who have the sense to see in this no degradation of art but a great glorification of soap, or tobacco, or whatever may be the article advertised.

Of course, Mr. Frith had some ground for complaint: it would, at least, have been more courteous if he had been consulted and his permission asked. I agree with Mr. Poynter, who gave his opinion on the subject to H. M. S., of the *Pall Mall*, that in certain instances a picture not intended for the purpose is vulgarised by being used for advertisement. But I do not think this holds good in Mr. Frith's case. His little girl, with her very red cheeks and lace-trimmed frock and clean apron, looks as if she had been painted for no other purpose, unless perhaps for a Christmas number. Even Sir John Millais's little boy blowing bubbles could not be more appropriate.

As the exhibitions close in the west, one, at least, opens in the east. There is to be a picture show at the People's Palace this month, and of it I hope to have something to say later on.

Mr. Leopold Lowenstam, who has just been awarded a second-class medal for engraving in Paris, has published an etching of Mr. Tadema's "A Favourite Author." I suppose it will soon be in many print-shop windows, but as yet I have only seen it in Lefevre's, in King-street, St. James's. The picture, which is in this year's New Gallery, shows one of the usual Tadema interiors, with the figures of two girls, one sitting with the scroll lying across her lap as she reads, the other reclining on the cushions, and is far more charming in colour and composition than the "Shrine of Venus" at the Academy. Much of this charm, made up of finely rendered marble, graceful draperies, and strong effects of light, Mr. Lowenstam has reproduced in his etching.—THE BOHEMIAN.

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD.

BERLIN.—[Letter II.]

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Sanssouci.

"No-Bother," as Carlyle styled it, opens up a chain of Royal parks and pleasure grounds, with highly picturesque and lovely landscapes and numerous palatial Royal residences. The "little" country box, one storey high, 220 ft. long and 49 ft. deep, which is called "Schloss Sanssouci," is admirably adapted for a retreat from the cares of this world; and, if ever a "head

STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT IN BERLIN.

that wears a crown" could lie easy, surely this sylvan nook would be suitable for the purpose. From the hill-top on which this château stands, what a grand sight! Extensive forests of trees, the Havel winding its silvery course through the valley, and huge fountains with their refreshing sprays adorning the gardens—well might Voltaire call it "Le paradis du philosophe"! Superfluous to note all the various embellishments of the grounds by statues and other architectural ornaments, the picture gallery with its numerous copies of Raphaels, &c. There is so much to be seen that a description of all of it would fill volumes—Charlottenhof, now the summer residence of the Empress Frederick—who, by-the-by, is staying at Homburg at her villa—Friedrichs-Kron, Babelsberg, Glienicke, the Pfauen-Insel (Peacock Island), and Der Neue Garten (the New Garden) with its Marble Palace, the Wildpark with its Bavarian Cottage, the Pfingstberg with its Belvedere, and many other attractive points.

Royalty at present shines through its absence. The Emperor has left for England; the Empress, with four of her sons, at Kissingen, the fifth—the baby—being at home. Other members of the Imperial family are also abroad. Schloss Glienicke alone harbours

The Newly Married Couple,

Prince Frederick Leopold, son of the late Red Prince, and his young wife, Princess Louise Sophie of Schleswig-Holstein. This palace, still in the hands of the workmen, barely escaped destruction by fire recently. Several rooms were burnt out. The Prince happened to be away from home at Potsdam; and his wife, Princess Louise Sophie of Schleswig-Holstein, who had invited a great many ladies, was taking tea with them in the garden, when the cry "The Castle on fire!" put an end to the entertainment. The Prince, driving home, knew nothing of the occurrence, and therefore utterly failed to comprehend the remark of a passing tramcar-driver, "It is all over, your Royal Highness."

Friedrichs-Kron, formerly called Das neue Schloss, a name it has just reassumed by order of the present Emperor, is a magnificent palace. It is called Muschel-Saal (Shell Hall), and is remarkable for its contents of precious stones and curious objects. The late Emperor Frederick lived in this palace as Crown Prince, then as Emperor, and here also breathed his last. During the absence of the Imperial family the interior of the Schloss is being altered. Gas—which the late Emperor would not allow to be used, because, he said: "People should, when staying in the country, live in country fashion"—is now being laid on, and will, later on, probably give place to the electric light.

The Present Emperor's Family Life

is a very happy one, and it is a pleasure to see him surrounded by his wife and five sons in the playgrounds of the Schloss. Whether Prince Bismarck is quite a *persona grata* with their Majesties is difficult to say. The *quidnuncs* assert he is not, and that there is at present a struggle for supremacy between

Prince Bismarck and Count Waldersee.

The Prince is probably too strong for the Count at present. It is certainly doubtful whether his mantle will ever fall on Count Herbert Bismarck. Is he as clever as his father? A Berlin comic paper the other day had a cartoon representing Count Herbert playing the violin, his father standing behind him, his (the father's) right hand guiding the bow, while his left was lingering the strings. Underneath are the following lines:—"Prince Bismarck: 'How well, Herbert, thou art already playing the first fiddle!'" Anyhow, Herbert, who did not go with the Emperor to Norway, accompanies his Majesty to England, and went to Varzin lately to get instructions from his father. The comic papers have seized the opportunity of the supposed breach between the Emperor and Bismarck by talking of the "Internal Theatre of War." The Prince remains in his retirement at Varzin, and will not come to Berlin before Aug. 10, the Emperor of Austria being expected on the 12th of this month. Bismarck's body physician—Schweninger—has been summoned to Varzin. There is nothing wrong with the Prince: he only wants to consult him as to whether he should go to Kissingen.

The Emperor

is very fond of going to Potsdam by water, and below the "Neue Garten" the Royal steamer Alexandria rides at anchor always in readiness for the pleasure trips of the Imperial family. A miniature frigate of mahogany is used for their excursions on the charming lakes of the Havel around Potsdam. There is always so much talk of the blue Danube. It is simply nonsense to call it a "blue" stream: the adjective, however, justly applies to the Havel.

There is, alas! an end to everything, and so we have to leave the delightful environs of Potsdam and return to town. Arrived there, going to our *chambre garnie*—which we have taken for economy's sake—we shall pass the magnificent

Brandenburg Gate,

built exactly a century ago, regarded as the most beautiful gate throughout the Fatherland, and justly the pride of the Berliners. The vista from that gate down

"Unter den Linden,"

with its fine esplanade of trees, splendid shops, and surging crowd of people, is indeed beautiful. But the Pariser Platz—at night lighted by electricity—immediately in front of the gate, is a gem. Here is the French Embassy, and the square owes its name to that circumstance. Passing on we have the Kaiser-Gallerie (Emperor's Gallery), a kind of Burlington Arcade, but far superior in its structure and elegance. Opposite the palace of the late Emperor William let us glance at Rauch's great masterpiece,

The Statue of Frederick the Great,

which was unveiled in 1851, and of which our Illustration will convey some idea. We then get to the Opernplatz, past, on our right, the now deserted Crown Prince's Palace, the town residence of the late Emperor Frederick (which remains the Empress Frederick's property), and, on our left, the Arsenal, and approach the Schloss-Brücke, with its eight magnificent marble groups (representing the career of a hero), that might rouse the susceptibilities of the "British Matron." To avoid her reproaches let us retire to the Café Bauer, of which more anon.

(To be continued.)

Thousands of People have tried the effect of wearing Harness' Electropathic Battery Belt for the prevention or cure of disease, and in every case the result has been most satisfactory. All in search of health should wear this, the only bona-fide reliable galvanic belt, recommended by thousands (see testimonials), for the immediate relief and speedy cure of all rheumatic and nervous affections, impaired vitality, liver and kidney diseases, ladies' ailments, &c. Pamphlet and advice free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician, the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Note only address.—[Advt.]

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S NURSERY.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Last week I told you about some of the beautiful wedding gifts presented to H.R.H. Princess Louise of Wales, now first Duchess of Fife. You may be interested to hear that the brothers and sisters of the

Royal Bride

gave her a horse-shoe brooch set with thirteen large rubies; the inner edge being set with brilliants, and the outer pointed with the same stones. This brooch is enclosed in a velvet case on which is written in gold letters the facsimile autographs of the young Princes and Princesses in the familiar pet names by which they are known to one another—viz., "Eddie," "George," "Torie" for Princess Victoria, and "Harrie" for Princess Maud. A very original and pretty present is a

Gold Thimble,

of which the top is formed of one large [illegible] diamond, while round the rim are thistles and roses enamelled in natural colours, with the letters "L" at one side and "F" at the other. [illegible] of the prettiest of the dresses for

Evening Wear

is made of primrose satin, very richly [illegible] with silver, the design being wild [illegible] lovely gown is made with a trained skirt, the front is softly veiled with an accordion-[illegible] ing of yellow silk muslin. One of the [illegible] very beautiful

Opera Cloaks

is long enough to cover her from head to foot, and is made of ivory-white satin, worked in silver and gold in an old ecclesiastical design, and bordered all round with white ostrich feathers. A set of lace, the finest ever made in Ireland,

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS FAMILY AT HOME.

1. The Opernplatz.
2. Looking towards the Statue of Frederick the Great.
3. The Emperor's Gallery.
4. The Crown Prince's Palace.
5. Some of the Shops.
6. Looking towards the Brandenburg Gate.

VIEWS IN UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN.

and now in the Paris Exhibition, is also part of the Irish trousseau.

I had the pleasure of introducing to you last week a young lady who has taken deservedly high honours in several branches of study. I wish we had a

National School of Housekeeping,

in which girls could take honours and win prizes. I suppose, I once met a girl—a "young lady," did not know the difference between a leg and a shoulder of mutton. I was very sorry for her; but she did not seem sorry for herself. It stated lately, in a clever book upon

Household Management,

that intelligent economy is a qualification which all cooks ought to possess, and the same thing applies to housekeepers. I was glad to find in the same book my own ideas upon the falseness of that economy which consists in the use of cheap materials: "*Always take for granted that a little of what is really good will go a much longer way than a great deal of inferior trash.*" And every pot, pan, knife, fork, and spoon used in the preparation of food should be

Scrupulously Clean,

and cleaned, moreover, *immediately after it is used*. And a really good cook (I do not mean a fine lady who gets her £40 or £50 per annum and cannot cook a mutton chop) ought to be able to tell at once, by sight, touch, or smell, whether the meat, vegetables, and fruit supplied for her master's table are fresh and good, or the reverse. And if the cook is young and inexperienced, then her mistress ought to know; and if the mistress does not know, then I am afraid she had learned.

A great many of my readers, I am sure, live in the country, and I have no doubt they are more or less plagued by those troublesome insects,

Wasps.

One of the simplest and best remedies for wasp-stings is strong ammonia; but be sure you keep the bottle containing it out of the reach of the children. A thick paste made of carbonate of soda and water is a good thing too. I am told that a little common writing-ink is also very efficacious. Mention of liquid ammonia reminds me that a little of it is a most refreshing addition to a cold or tepid

Bath

in hot weather. Put in a small wine-glassful, and I am sure you will enjoy the delicious foam it makes with the soap. Do not put any in the water you use for your face, or you will make your skin to shine, and that is not pretty. Another agreeable addition to the bath is the following: Make a bag of cheese-cloth or "butter-muslin," and put into it a large handful of fresh wheaten bran, some shred or powdered soap, and an ounce of well-bruised or powdered orris-root. Use this bag in your bath, or when you are simply washing, just as you would a sponge. It cleanses, perfumes, and is very soothing besides. In fact, it is a cheap and delightful luxury.

I promised to give you some nice receipts this week; but I think instead we might have a little chat about

Tea.

Everyone will readily admit that tea, to be good, *must* be made with boiling water; but how rarely is the water more than very hot! In fact, very few people know when a kettle is boiling: they imagine that a *singing* kettle and a *boiling* kettle are the same thing. And not only should the water really boil, but it should be *newly boiled*; that is, you must not make tea, say, for nine-o'clock breakfast with water that boiled at *eight*, and was set on the fire to boil again when you were ready to use it. No; it must be poured into the teapot

Bubbling and Boiling

for the first time, and it should not have boiled too fast. The best tea-makers are agreed that tea ought not to be infused for more than four or five minutes; but very much depends upon the quantity of tea you use. I dare say you are all aware that tea made in an earthenware teapot is very much better than it is in a metal, or even in your

Grandmother's Old Silver One!

But no matter what kind of teapot you use, be sure that you keep it scrupulously clean. It should be dried carefully inside each time it is used, and you must always be sure to rinse it out with the boiling water before you put in the tea, as a cold pot destroys the flavour of the tea. Some people now use boiled milk with tea instead of cold. It is rather nice in winter, when a very hot cup of tea is such a comfort! But whether you use

Hot Milk or Cold,

be sure you put it into the cup *before* the tea. If you are not in the habit of making tea in that way, try it, and you will soon find what an improvement it is. Some people, as no doubt you know, prefer lemon juice to milk or cream. Strong tea is supposed to be very

Unwholesome;

but I think one cup of good, strong tea, made with boiling water, and not allowed to stand too long, is far less unwholesome than several cups of the wishy-washy stuff people say cannot hurt them, it is so very weak.

MARGUERITE.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY.

The Royal Review

at Aldershot next Wednesday is evidently to be a very large affair, and despite the inconvenient day selected—so far as they are concerned—the Volunteers will form a very considerable portion of the force. The Wednesday after Bank Holiday is decidedly not a day on which a big muster might be expected of any one battalion; and therefore the military authorities have done well in accepting the position, and at once deciding not to h.p^e for battalions beyond those of the Home Counties, East London, and Hampshire Brigades. Some of the battalions of these will turn out very strongly before the German Emperor, as, for instance, the 1st ..erks, nearly 950; the Winchester, ..00; the Portsmouth, 800; and the 1st Bucks, 750. The rest, however, will be formed into scratch battalions, according to colour of uniform, most of them being very large, and therefore requiring the more careful handling, as composed of companies not known to the field officers. It is being said that the review is to be preceded by a field day lasting some three hours, and this will certainly be a severe test of organisation; but if the temporary Volunteer battalions pull through the fight all right, they should get over the march-past.

Looking over the lists and returns, so far as I can make out, the number of Volunteers will be close upon

Eleven Thousand,

and those not upon the ground already, like the East London Brigade, or at Churn, like the Home Counties men, may anticipate one of the longest and stiffest days they have ever known. There is much regret now among some of the larger and better-known London corps that they are not to be included in the force; but that, I understand, is due to the determination of the authorities to accept the larger offers rather than the smaller; and the crack corps did not offer such large contributions as some of those not so well known, but quite as good.

Probably before these lines are printed the people of London will know something of the scheme for the

Defence of London by the People's Army,

and how, when the enemy shows any signs of coming, Volunteers are to be brought from the north and the west to protect the centre of the Empire, rightly judged as the one point for which an invader would make. Without looking deeply into the figures, the arrangement is that four of the five London brigades shall immediately concentrate at Caterham, two from Scotland at Dorking, the Home and Western Counties brigades at Guildford, two from Wales and two from the Midlands near Sevenoaks, the two Yorkshires at Tilbury, the Eastern Counties and Staffordshire brigades at Warley, and the Northern Counties and Manchester brigades at Epping. To each of the places named Volunteer position batteries from all parts of the country will bring their guns; and generally the military authorities have recognised the force of the idea laid down by all the specialists that the invaders' approach to London must be from the south or the north-east. It has long been known that the War Office are building or projecting extensive works and storehouses at several of the places named; and generally there is an evident determination just now to make full use of the opportunity for organisation. But it is to be hoped the great towns of the provinces will not rail at their Volunteers being devoted so largely to the defence of London. They may depend upon it the foe would strike upon London first, and the centre of the British system must be safeguarded.

It is satisfactory to learn that

The London Cyclist Corps

is steadily increasing in strength. In such a corps numbers are never likely to be very great, and, indeed, it is not desirable that every shooting man among the London Volunteers who can manage a wheel decently should enroll himself under Major Hewitt. As it is, the corps is now about double the strength it was twelve months ago, and suitable men are steadily coming in. At the inspection recently the proceedings were of an entirely novel kind, quite departing from the old march-past and musketry exercise idea. The parade was at St. George's Barracks, treated as the centre of a circle of outposts whose diameter was four miles. From this centre

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM RECEIVING HIS TRUSTY CHANCELLOR, PRINCE BISMARCK.

eight lines of communication radiated to the outpost line, and along each of these a non-com. and two privates were dispatched to visit the outpost line, traverse it to the next road inwards, and return by that with a brief road report. This was all done over London streets, and, the average distance being six miles, the average time was forty-two minutes. Colonel Stracey, who was the inspecting officer, knew all about the corps, for he was out with it at Easter.

The Queen's Prize

for the Volunteer Artillerymen comes into competition on Monday week, and the men go into camp at Shoeburyness next Saturday. It is to be feared that this meeting is diminishing in interest, partly, no doubt, through the smallness of the prizes offered, and the institution of provincial Artillery meetings in Scotland, Lancashire, and elsewhere, which can be visited by the detachments at less expense. Of course there is no Queen's Prize at these gatherings, but then the value of this at Shoeburyness is not great when it filters down to the individuals who win it. The diminution of interest is shown by the fact that this year the great county of Lancaster, with eight first-rate Artillery corps, sends only two detachments from Liverpool to Shoeburyness, and Scotland and Yorkshire are but poorly represented. It is to be feared that a good deal of the fault lies with the National Artillery Association, which greatly needs an infusion of new blood. The Chatham gathering of the Engineer Volunteers—again a very small show—is due for the same time; and when that is finished, with the mobilisation at Aldershot over, the active Volunteer year will be practically ended, with the exception of the regimental prize-shooting. The inspection season is now virtually closed—for the metropolis it ended last Saturday, when the 21st Middlesex were drenched with rain in Hyde Park—and it must be acknowledged by all who have watched corps through the season, and compared their numbers with those of last year, that

A Decrease of Strength

must be the outcome of the year's working. Very few corps have shown at inspections so strongly as they did in 1888; but their drill is always improving, and the officers are yearly becoming better and better. For instructional purposes, too, they are getting to be more self-contained, and only just now a batch of officers and sergeants of metropolitan regiments have been officially classified by the War Office as competent to act as instructors and assistant instructors of signalling. Now we want a batch of officers who have been through Hythe to act as musketry instructors, and—in the metropolis, at all events—ranges at which the men can be trained. For the latter Staines is the hope, and it is to be wished that the company would make haste with its prospectus.

EYES FRONT.

OF TWO EVILS!

FLOSSIE is six years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married will I have to have a husband like pa?"

"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile.

"And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?"

"Yes."

"Mamma"—after a pause—"it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

OUR VILLAGE: No. VII.—OUR CYCLISTS.

GARDENING IN SEASON.

Flower Garden.

THE recent heavy thunder-showers have sadly marred the beauty of our flower-beds. Such downpours do not improve the appearance of any kind of flowering plants, and I seldom remember seeing it come down in such torrents as on Saturday last. One of the weak points of the so-called

Geranium (properly Pelargonium)

is that it will not stand heavy rain, which batters and spoils the heads of bloom, while in a wet season the plants are apt to produce more leaves than flowers.

Before going any further, let me settle this little matter of nomenclature once and for all. Some may consider it mere pedantry to call what everyone knows as geraniums *pelargoniums*, and so it would be, only, as it happens, the plants in question are not geraniums at all—the title is a complete misnomer. The herbaceous plants, of which the wild cranesbill of this name belonging properly to a family of hardy the fields is a familiar example. The pelargonium family is a large and important one, and the varieties in the different sections of "Zonal" (from the zone or horseshoe in the leaf), "Show," "Fancy," "French," "Regal," "Ivy-leaved," "Scented," &c., are well-nigh innumerable, but the whole are really pelargoniums, and *not* geraniums.

Geranium armenium, by-the-way, with large flowers of a rich rose-purple, in summer, is one of the most handsome plants for the herbaceous border or rockwork we possess.

After which digression let us return to our subject. Some plants endure wet weather much better than others: it ruins the appearance of pelargoniums of all classes, and injures petunias, gazanias, and some others; but dahlias, fuchsias, marguerites, and calceolarias, and, above all, zinnias, seem to enjoy a moderate allowance of rain. Dahlias, in particular, flowered more abundantly than I ever remember their doing before last year—the wettest and coldest summer "within the memory of the oldest inhabitant." It is not generally known that

Dahlias

of all kinds may be admirably grown and flowered in pots with very little trouble. When properly attended to, they form capital specimens in this way, and are very useful for the decoration of large conservatories, terraces, balconies, and even if stood here and there about the garden paths. Nice young plants from early struck cuttings, or small pot-roots of the previous season, should be potted on in May and June until they occupy sizes from 12 to 15 or even 18 in. in diameter. Remove all shoots except from three to five or six of the strongest, tying these to neat but strong stakes; and when the plants are full of roots give plenty of water and liquid manure, and the plants will bloom abundantly in August and September.

Work for the Week.

Continue budding roses. This is most interesting work, and it is a capital plan to have a batch of healthy young plants constantly coming on. The buds always "take" well in showery weather, such as we are getting now. The common wild-briar, or dog-rose, is perhaps the best and most natural stock for roses, though in very light soils the Manetti grows better, but I must say I dislike this last. If seedling briars can be obtained so much the better, there is nothing to equal them: they are easily raised from the "hips" gathered from the hedgerows in autumn, but take some years to become large enough for the purpose.

Choice pansies and violas may now be increased to any extent by means of cuttings inserted in a bed of sandy soil in a shady place, and covered with a bell or some handlights. The little wiry shoots that spring from the base of the plants, and have not flowered, make by far the best cuttings. Cuttings of pinks may still be put in in the same manner, and carnations may still be layered, though it is getting quite late enough now.

B. C. R.

IS THE FALL OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS NEAR AT HAND?

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO!

WHAT WAS WELLINGTON'S IDEAL OF THIS LIFE?

To Dare Nobly, to Will Strongly, and Never Hesitate in the sublime devotion to DUTY!!!

When Wellington rode into one of his infantry squares at Waterloo, as its diminished numbers closed up to receive a charge of French Cavalry, he said to his men, "Stand steady, lads; think what they will say of us in England;" to which they replied, "Never fear, Sir,

"WE KNOW OUR DUTY."

When the Spirit of Duty has departed, or become deadened, or supplanted by a selfish vanity of power, or aggrandisement, &c., then the Fall of England's Greatness is near at hand, BUT NOT UNTIL THEN!

SHAKESPEARE AND DUTY—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

THE PIVOT OF DUTY—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM!

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"During the Afghan War we were before Kandahar, and had been reconnoitring the enemy's position with Colonel M——'s splendid cavalry regiment, when, to our merriment, the Colonel produced a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' 'Take,' he said, 'an old soldier's advice:' so, to please him, we did. We emptied the bottle. And Colonel M—— gave another bottle to P——'s men. We certainly slept soundly that night, and awoke fresh as paint. Two days afterwards the Colonel said at mess, 'You fellows laughed at me about ENO'S "FRUIT SALT," but it was mainly through that stuff I gave you you did such splendid deeds that day. Personally,' said the Colonel, 'I never felt better, and so do the officers of my regiment, and we were ready to encounter half-a-dozen Ayoobs.' After that the Colonel was always called 'Old Eno.'"

From "MESS STORIES," by PROTEUS, pp. 126, 127, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall-court, 1889.

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